

ANTHROCON 2005



TIMOTHY ALBEE'S [HTTP://TA-ANIMATION.COM](http://ta-animation.com)
FACIAL ANIMATION
BY MAC REITER

Used in the creation of...
Kaze, Ghost Warrior

- **Blazingly fast realtime**
- over 110 fps on most "game-level" systems!
- **UV Texturing**, Surface Coloring, Diffuse, Specularity, Transparency and 8 fully-customizable lights!
- **Realtime Sub-Patching!**
(Sub-D Surfaces!)
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- **Instant playback!**
No need to build a preview, *ever!*

- Full support for LightWave®'s *Endomorph* embedded morph system!
- Integrates directly with LightWave® through LightWave®'s built-in *Morph Mixer* or *.MDD* parser.
- Use your animation with any 3D application that reads *.MDD* animation files, XSI®, Maya® and 3DS Max®, (with 3rd party plug-ins).
- Intelligent Parser lets you actually set-up TAFE as you create your Morph Targets!
- TAFE automatically *splits* Symmetrical Morphs into Left and Right halves for you!
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- Unlimited animation Tracks! With groundbreaking technology that plays hundreds as quickly as it plays a handful!
- Cut/Copy/Paste/Slide Keyframes, all while the animation is playing!
- Fully Customizable, Scalable interface remembers your three favorite layouts!
- Ex/Im-port single or multiple tracks between animations!
- Multiple levels of Un/Re-Do!

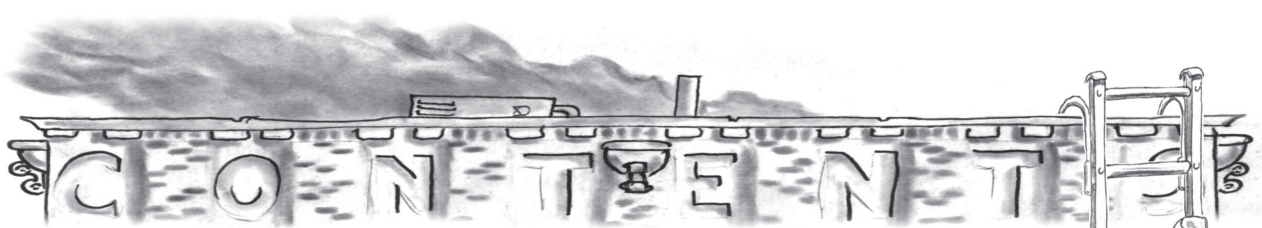
***Stop fighting your tools, and let
Animation become Acting, with TAFE!***

Requires Windows® 2000 or higher with OpenGL® support, 1024x768 24bit screen resolution minimum, sound card, 10MB free disk space and at least 256 MB RAM. Requires external 3D application for creation of models in LightWave® Object (.LWO) format and for rendering animations from Morph Mixer or Motion Designer (.MDD) animation file format - LightWave® 3D 7.5 or higher recommended.

Program ©2005 Mac Reiter. Art and Models ©2004-2005 Timothy Albee Animation.

Free, downloadable, time-unlimited demo gives you one of the best dialogue-scrubbing tools at any price!

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Message from the Chairman

Dr. Samuel Conway, Ph.D

Welcome to Anthrocon 2005, the largest Anthropomorphics convention in the world! So large, in fact, that we have outgrown the city of Philadelphia, our home for the last seven years. We spent many months in a dogged search for a larger gathering spot even before the loss of the Adams Mark Hotel. Finding something that was large enough to hold us, was laid out in such a way to contain our functions, and would not cost our attendees an entire year's salary turned out to be a tremendous challenge. After considerable deliberation and many a sleepless night, we finally decided to accept an offer that was extended to us by the City of Pittsburgh. Though some refuse to believe it, it really was the closest venue to Philadelphia that we could find that would be both suitable and affordable for a gathering such as Anthrocon. This year, therefore, marks our farewell to the City of Brotherly Love, and the beginning of what we hope will be a long-term home in the City of Steel.

This year at Anthrocon we pay tribute to HEROES. I have noticed that the word has many meanings to many people, but the single unifying trait is "someone who is noted for great feats or accomplishments." Heroes come in many forms as well. Some wear capes and masks and are endowed with superhuman abilities. Others are cast reluctantly into the spotlight and achieve their fame through a fate thrust upon them. Still others wear no disguise other than a big yellow coat or a badge, but who nonetheless perform remarkable feats of rescue and daring for little or no reward.

We are lucky to welcome to Anthrocon this year representatives of all three of those hero-types. Joining us is Mr. Peter Laird, who along with his cohort Mr. Kevin Eastman created a fanciful team of superhero terrapins who captured the public imagination and became a part of our culture as *The Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles*. Mr. Laird will be joined by some of the other creative minds from Mirage Comics, and we are honored to host them at their first "furry" convention.

Joining us too will be Mr. Timothy Albee whose computer-animated *Kaze*, *Ghost Warrior* has been earning worldwide renown. Kaze is a reluctant hero,



a quiet person whose heroic feats are performed solely out of necessity. The true heroism behind Kaze, in the chairman's humble opinion, is his creator. Mr. Albee, for those who do not know, created his animated short entirely on his own: voices, sound effects, animation, even the music. His goal, as he explained to me once, was to show what could be done by just one man working alone. "Imagine what would happen if that same energy were instilled in a full production."

And last, but far from least, are the other heroes that Anthrocon has welcomed all along, year after year. They are those of our members whose job it is to protect those who cannot protect themselves, to brave fiery heat and raging water, to place their own lives in jeopardy to rescue those that they do not even know. To those heroes we offer a heartfelt thanks for a job well done.

HEROES

Hotel Map & General Schedule

FRIDAY, JULY 8

ART SHOW (Ballroom Level)

2pm - 7pm : Art Show open

9pm - 11pm : Artists & Dealers Reception

ARTISTS' ALLEY (Mezzanine Level)

Noon - 5pm : Artists' Alley open

DEALERS' ROOM (Mezzanine Level)

10am - Noon : Dealers' Room setup

Noon - 5pm : Dealers' Room open

SATURDAY, JULY 9

ART SHOW (Ballroom Level)

10am - 7pm : Art Show open

11pm : Mature Art Auction

ARTISTS' ALLEY (Mezzanine Level)

10am - 3pm : Artists' Alley open

DEALERS' ROOM (Mezzanine Level)

10am - 5pm : Dealers' Room open

SUNDAY, JULY 10

ART SHOW (Ballroom Level)

10am - Noon : Art Show open

1pm : General Art Auction

1:30pm - 6pm : Art Show sales

ARTISTS' ALLEY (Mezzanine Level)

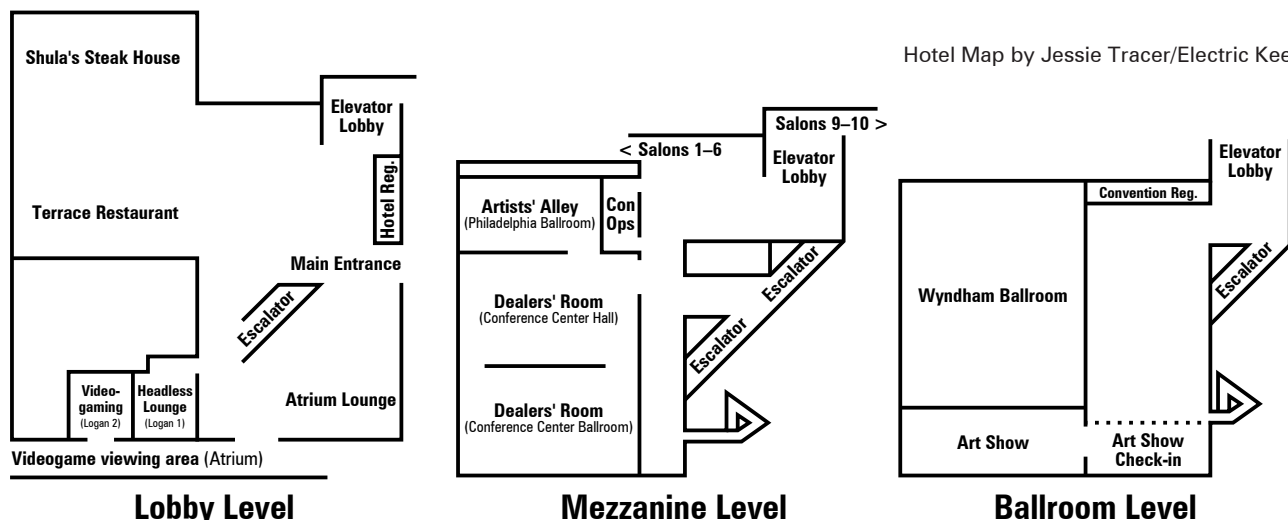
10am - 4pm : Artists' Alley open

DEALERS' ROOM (Mezzanine Level)

10am - 4pm : Dealers' Room open

OPENING CEREMONIES: Friday, 11am
CLOSING CEREMONIES: Sunday, 5:30pm
Wyndham Ballroom A-B-C

For additional event information, please consult
your Pocket Program or Programming Guide.



Anthrocon 2005 Masquerade

Welcome to Anthrocon, the gathering of fans and professionals in the anthropomorphic community to discuss and be entertained by furry stories, events, and other activities. If you keep a close eye out, you might even see a REAL furry wandering around amongst the people!

But why search for them when we can bring them to you at the Anthrocon Masquerade! This event is designed to provide an atmosphere where costumers can entertain you with their design and performance skills, giving you an evening of wonder before the all-popular Saturday night dance.

The Masquerade will be held in the Ballroom on Saturday evening. For all costumers, there is a

mandatory rehearsal for the show in the Ballroom on Saturday morning. Please consult your schedule/program for exact times.

There will be a Headless Lounge available during the convention (please consult your convention map) where costumers may escape from the crowds to rest and recuperate in a private area. This room will be available throughout the convention and during the dances.

If you would like to participate in the Masquerade or have any other questions, please contact the Masquerade Director, Brian Harris, before the rehearsal or show up at the rehearsal on Saturday morning.

Guest of Honor: Peter Laird

Peter Laird was born in North Adams, Massachusetts in 1954. His interest in drawing was evident at an early age, but it wasn't until high school and the discovery of Jack Kirby's work on 'The New Gods,' 'The Demon,' and other titles, as well as 'Conan' by Barry Windsor-Smith, that drawing became his passion.

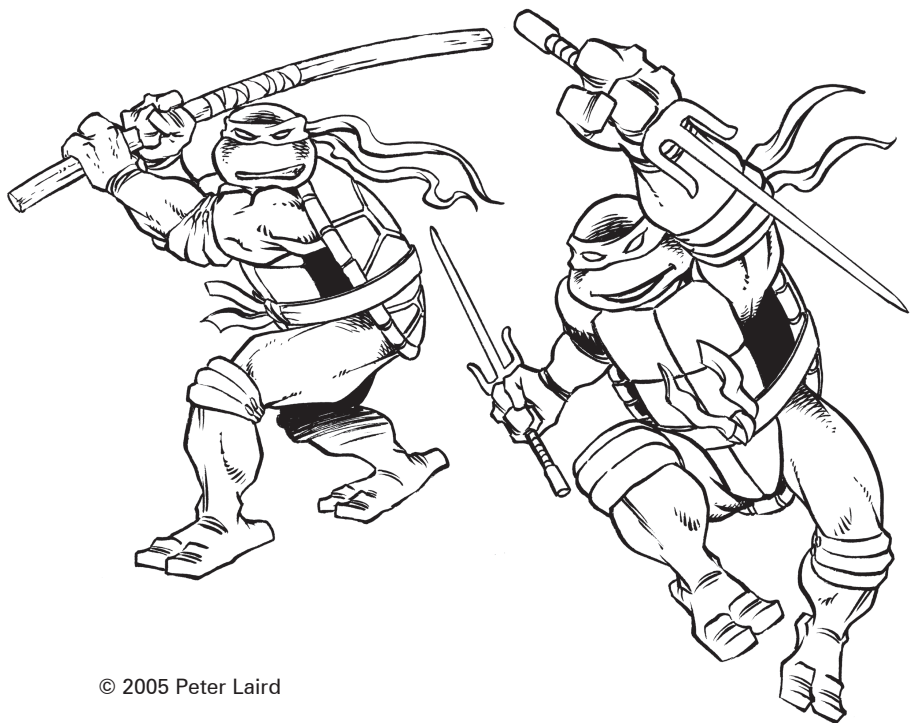
Graduating from the University of Massachusetts with a B.F.A. in Printmaking, Laird entered the professional world wanting to become a freelance illustrator and comic book artist. After five years of struggling, with some small successes, Laird found his life transfigured by two chance meetings: his future writing partner Kevin Eastman, and his future wife, Jeannine.

Laird moved with Jeannine to Dover, New Hampshire, and found jobs locally in editorial illustration and advertising art. Eastman, meanwhile, was a short-order cook at a nearby lobster restaurant, drawing comics in his spare time. In the evenings, Peter and Kevin relaxed by drawing together while watching bad television shows. It was during one of those evenings that Eastman happened to sketch a masked turtle with a set of nunchucks strapped to its wrist. Peter immediately fell in love with the character, which Eastman had called simply a "Ninja Turtle." It was Laird who thought to expand that to "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle," and they began to work with the idea. Eventually they created a set of four turtles. Since neither of them wanted to come up with Japanese-sounding names that might come off as too contrived, they reached into their artistic educations and named their turtles after four great Renaissance artists: Raphael, Donatello, Leonardo, and Michelangelo.

The idea of four "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" was too good to be left hidden in their sketchbooks, so Eastman and Laird thought up an origin story for their unlikely heroes that was both a spoof of and an homage to Frank Miller's "Daredevil" series, which both men greatly admired. They were careful to create personalities for the turtles that were as true-to-life as they could get, so that the characters would act the same way real teenagers would.

Once they had the storyline, it was time to create the artwork. Eastman and Laird worked diligently, sharing the tasks of penciling and inking. Pooling what money they could cobble together, the two published the work themselves, producing an initial black and white run of 3,000 copies. When those first copies returned from the printer, Eastman and Laird were surprised to find that it had been printed at an unusual size. They had forgotten to specify the size of the finished product, so the printer had simply used a local TV schedule as a template.

Undaunted, Eastman and Laird decided to release their odd-sized comic anyway. At this point, they realized that they would need a name for their budding publishing company, which at the time consisted only of their kitchen tables, couches, and laptop drawing boards. "Mirage Studios," thus, seemed a most appropriate name. Laird used the experience that he had gained from working with newspapers to create a press kit that they sent out to as many TV and radio stations, newspapers and magazines that they could find within a 100 miles of Dover. A number of local newspapers printed stories about Mirage Comics and their unusual team of heroes, and a local PBS radio station gave them five minutes of airtime. The story was taken up by a United Press reporter who put it out on the wire,



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HEROES

which meant that the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles were suddenly being talked about all over the country. To the amazement and delight of the creators, all 3,000 copies sold out immediately. They ran a second printing of 15,000 copies, and then a third of 35,000, all of which disappeared off the shelves as quickly as they could be produced.

The overnight popularity of the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles comic brought a wave of new opportunities. Palladium Books transformed the Turtles into a tabletop roleplaying game for which Dark Horse Miniatures created several sets of lead Turtle figures. First Comics published full-color reprints of the original series, which had become prized collectors' items overnight. Eastman and Laird saw the popularity of their creation soar beyond anything they had imagined.

Soon the comic was selling more than 125,000 copies, making it one of the most successful self-published comics in the country. Licensing agent Mark Freedman discovered the turtles through the Palladium roleplaying game. Intrigued by the attitude of the feisty teenage terrapins, Freedman contacted Eastman and Laird and was soon on board.

Freedman felt that the Turtles could be just as successful as action figures as they were on paper, but most companies felt that the venture would be too risky. Eventually, Freedman approached a small company called Playmates Toys who was willing to take a chance on this bold new idea if a television deal could be arranged as well. With Freedman's

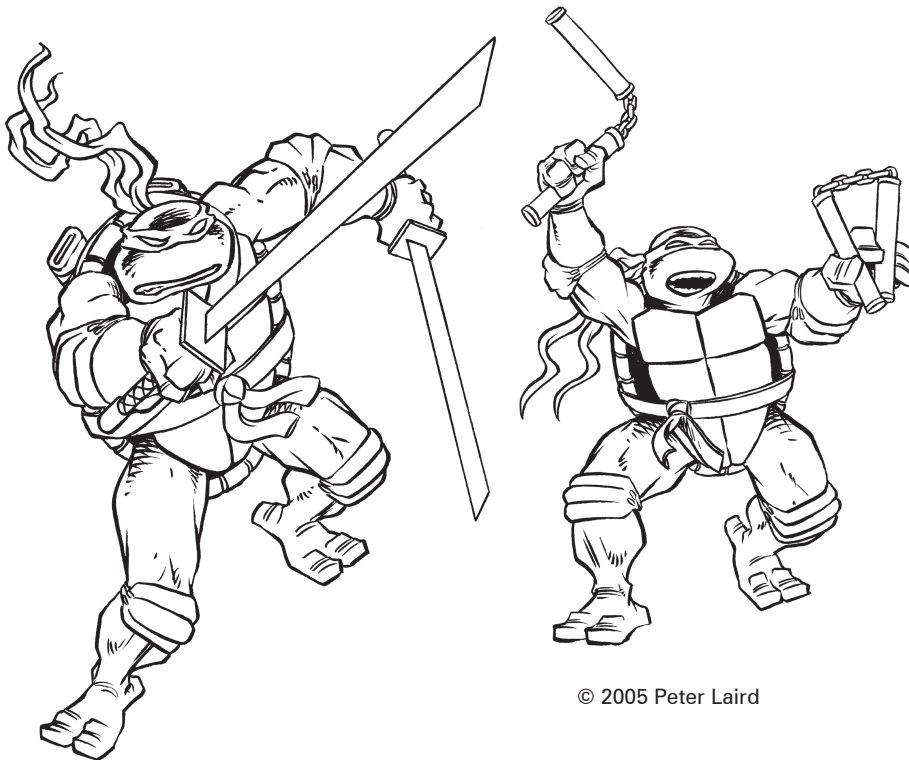


expert coordination a five-episode miniseries was produced for syndicated release. Within days of the first airing it was obvious that the Turtles' popularity was far from over.

Three movies, two cartoon series, and many licensing deals later, the comic book Turtles live on in Mirage Studios' comic series "TMNT" and "Tales of the TMNT" comic series. The fourth season of the new and improved TMNT animated show is due to begin airing in late 2005, and a CGI movie is planned for release in 2007. A second wave of TMNT mass merchandised licensed products is being produced—1,200 different new products at last count, and more on the way. Today the Turtles are one hundred percent Laird's baby, after his buyout of Eastman's part of the property in 2000.

Ever mindful of his own humble beginnings, in 1992 Laird created the Xeric Foundation, which donates to local charities and gives grants to aspiring self-publishing comic artists. Since its first grant cycle in 1992, the Foundation has given over half a million dollars in grants to comic book self-publishers.

In the moments that aren't taken up by dealing with these mutant reptiles, Laird enjoys seeking out interesting dinosaur toys (especially Triceratopses), reading, motorcycling, Segwaying, recumbent bicycling, walking through the woods with Jeannine and the dogs, exploring the wonders of computer graphics... and drawing.



© 2005 Peter Laird

Guest of Honor: Timothy Albee

Timothy Albee was born in Michigan 1970, late on the night of the summer solstice. He grew up in the tiny town of Cass City, a small, one-stoplight village in an area dedicated almost entirely to farming and agriculture.

His grandfather was a musician, director and actor at the Ramsdell Opera House in Manistee, Michigan, and an automotive designer for Ford Motor Company. His grandmother was a prominent painter and member of the Northwood League of Arts. His life-long love of the purity of the stories told through the medium of Animation gives evidence of the deep influences of art, theater and science within his early years.

He used to spend his days, even as a young child, wandering the woods outside his home. Even then, he felt more comfortable within the depths of Nature than amid the press of people. He learned to identify plants by sight and scent, and to come within feet of even the most skittish of forest animals.

Even from a young age, he showed an abiding fascination for science; among his favorite bed-time stories were passages from the family's set of Encyclopedia. Chemistry, physics, electronics... for a long time, Albee was certain that he was going to devote his professional career to robotics engineering and the advancement of artificial intelligence.

It wasn't until his twelfth-grade year in high-school that he began to explore art as a Life Path. It was in that year that he left the school's Gifted Program for math and science, and enrolled in its program for art (also studying dance, theater and music).

Feeling he wasn't "getting his money's worth" from instructors that seemed unwilling or unable to teach him the techniques he wished to learn, Albee left college midway through his second year, while studying at the "CCS" College of Art and Design in Detroit Michigan.

Albee embarked on an apprenticeship to Master Robert Yard, maker of concert-quality bamboo flutes. He then joined the Renaissance Faire circuit, where he studied and practiced as an apothecary, juggler, street-magician, and musician. He found himself in Arizona in 1991, working as an herbalist, during which time, he built his first harp, "Soinnach."

Albee then ventured to California, working as a professional harper/harpist. A temporary stint as a drummer for a CA based, Middle-Eastern Dance troupe landed him a job as a sound engineer for a small record label in El Cajon. Spending his nights studying the manuals for the new "Video Toaster"

the company had just acquired, he got his first taste of doing 3D Animation professionally.

He then returned to the midwest with the intent of finishing his degree at Eastern Michigan University. Working by day as a call-center operator (eventually earning the position of senior microcomputer technician for the university) he built his own light-table and devoted his free evenings to the study and practice of Traditional Animation.

His plans for finishing his undergraduate degrees (Fine Art, Theater, Dance and Writing) were cut short when he was offered a Traditional Animation position at a company outsourcing for Walt Disney Interactive. During his time at Media Station, Albee worked on *Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree*, *101 Dalmatians*, *Pocahontas*, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, *J. Ward's Fractured Fairy Tails*, among other Animated Storybooks.

Albee left Media Station when he was offered the position of lead animator on *Apocalypse* (the Bruce Willis video game from Activision). He then went on to serve as lead Character Animator/Character Technical Director for the fifth season of *Babylon 5*, and the "Bab-5" movie, *Thirdspace*.

Albee was then approached to work on *Walt Disney's Dinosaur*. While being a part of WDFA (Walt Disney Feature Animation) was a childhood dream of his, he found himself a poor fit for the politics and policies of what the studio giant was becoming. When his contract allowed, he left to form his own company, "Exile Films."

Kaze, (originally spelled, "Kasi,") first sparked interest in Hollywood in 1998 when the original feature script garnered Albee and his business partner audiences at top, A-List studios. The only stumbling block in the negotiations was budget... Albee refused to increase his \$8.9M request to what the big-budget studios expected in the era of \$65M CGI animated feature films.

Leaving nearly everything behind, Albee embarked on a spiritual journey into the wilds of Alaska in early spring of 2001.

While in Alaska, Albee began to write the books and make the film that would clearly show that:

1) When used intelligently, today's computer hardware and software can enable a single artist to do the work currently relegated to huge teams within the "big-budget" studios.

2) Audiences are crying out to be respected; they are ready for intelligent animation with deep, emotional stories, and powerful, beautiful characters.

Having successfully completed his 23-minute

HEROES

proof for *Kaze: Ghost Warrior*, alone, on two home PC computers, in six months of production, Albee has spent much of the past year speaking with others, encouraging them band together and to do the same with their own stories.

Either alone, or in small groups of dedicated, honorable individuals, we all have the power to do what we Dream!

Albee is in the process of relocating to eastern Europe, establishing an animation studio that will grow to become a place where other hopefuls and dreamers can come to apprentice, learning the tools and techniques of animated storytelling while working on actual feature films.

Albee's future projects include *Kaze*, (feature-film prequel to *Kaze: Ghost Warrior*) *Wolfpack*, and *Freeborn*.

Filmography

- ***Kaze, Ghost Warrior*** (2004) – Writer, Director, Producer
- ***Walt Disney's Dinosaur*** (2000) – Animation
- ***Babylon 5: Thirdspace*** (1998) – Animation, VFX Lead
- ***Spartan Martian*** (1996) – Writer, Director, Producer
- ***Magician, The*** (1994) – Writer, Director, Producer
- ***Resurrection*** (1989) – Writer, Director, Producer

Authorship Credits

- ***Essential LightWave 3D 8***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2005)
- ***LightWave 3D 8 Character Animation***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2004)
- ***LightWave 3D 8, 1001 Tips and Tricks***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2004)
- ***LightWave 3D Getting Started Guide***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing/NewTek, 2004)
- ***CGI Filmmaking, The Creation of Ghost Warrior***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2003)
- ***Essential LightWave 3D 7.5***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2003)
- ***LightWave 3D 7 Character Animation***, Author, Illustrator (Wordware Publishing, 2001)

Credit List, General (Selected)

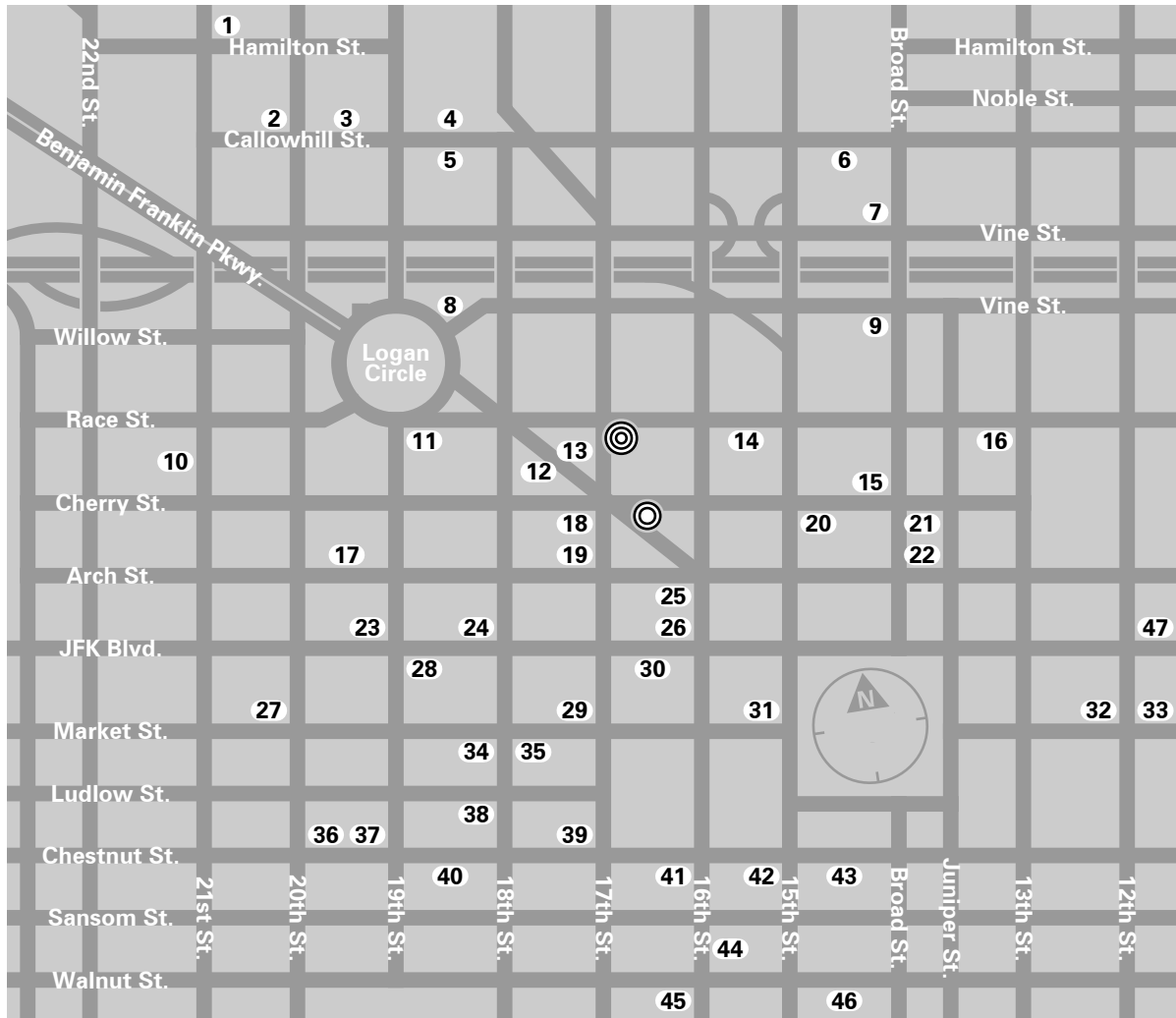
- ***Timothy Albee Animation***, Founder, Writer, Director, Producer (Animation Studio, 2004 – present)
- ***Kaze, Ghost Warrior***, Writer, Director, Producer (Animated Short Film, 2004)
- ***KTVF, Channel 11***, Producer (NBC Affiliate, 2001)
- ***Studio Mythos***, Co-Founder/Vice President of Production (Animation Studio, 2000-2001)
- ***PAX TV***, Senior Network Graphics Designer (Network Television, PAX TV (Exile Films), 2000)
- ***Zoo Crew***, Writer/Designer (Animated Television Series, Galaxy/Exile (Exile Films), 2000)
- ***Family Ranger***, Writer/Director (Animated Television Series, Galaxy/Exile (Exile Films), 2000)
- ***Bugs Bunny: Lost In Time 3***, Director/Animator (Commercial, Warner Brothers/Infogrammes/DCG (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Let's Go Alex!***, Character Designer (Television Series, JP Kids (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Loony Tunes: Game-Bird***, Director/Animator

(Commercial, Warner Brothers/Infogrammes/DCG (Exile Films), 1999)

- ***Breakthroughs in Cheetah Management***, Director/Producer (Live-Action Documentary, Exile Films/Smithsonian (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Audition, The***, Character Designer (Short Film, Digital Character Group (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Betty Boop***, Director/Animator (Concept Short, Digital Character Group (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Looney Tunes, Games for the Next Miloonium***, Directing Animator (Theatrical Commercial, Warner Brothers/Infogrammes/DCG (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Pepsi: Racedog*** (Syd Mead), Director of SFX (Commercial, Exile Films/In the Light Prod. (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Blood Drive***, Assistant Director (Commercial, In the Light Prod. (Exile Films), 1999)
- ***Walt Disney Feature Animation's Dinosaur***, Animation (Animated Feature Film, Walt Disney Feature Animation., 1998-1999)
- ***Babylon 5: Thirdspace***, Supervising Character Animator/Modeler (Television Movie, Netter Digital, 1998)
- ***Babylon 5, Season 5***, Supervising Character Animator (Television Series, Netter Digital, 1997-1998)
- ***Mystic Legions***, Development (Video Game, Media Station, 1997)
- ***Extreme Tactics***, Director/Animator (Video Game Cinematics (22 minutes, CG animation), Media Station, 1997)
- ***Lenny the Lion***, Animator (Corporate Video, General Motors, 1997)
- ***The Orangewood Children's Home***, Assistant Director (Live-Action Documentary, Mar Key Communications, 1997)
- ***Apocalypse***, Lead Animator (Video Game – In-Game Animation, Activision, 1997)
- ***Car Story***, SFX/CG Animation Supervisor (Video Game F.M.V. Sequences, Media Station, 1996)
- ***Spartan Martian***, Director, Producer, Animator (CG Animated Short Film, Virtual Light, 1996)
- ***The Riddles of Dr. Grunge***, Supervising Animator (Animated Storybook, Media Station, 1996)
- ***One Hundred and One Dalmatians***, Animator (Animated Storybook, Disney Interactive (Media Station), 1996)
- ***J. Ward's Fractured Fairy Tales***, Animator (Animated Storybook, Media Station, 1996)
- ***Barbie as Rapunzel***, Animator (Animated Storybook, Media Station 1996)
- ***Lambchop Loves Music***, Animator (Animated Storybook, Media Station 1995)
- ***Puzzle Castle***, Animator (Animated Storybook, Media Station 1995)
- ***Pocahontas***, Cleanup Artist (Animated Storybook, Disney Interactive (Media Station), 1995)
- ***Winnie the Pooh and the Honey Tree***, Cleanup Artist (Animated Storybook, Disney Interactive (Media Station), 1995)
- ***David and Lisa***, Director (Theatrical, Eastern Michigan University, 1994)
- ***Magician, The***, Writer, Director, Producer (Short Film, 1994)
- ***Resurrection***, Writer, Director, Producer (Short Film, CCS, 1989)

ANTHROCON 2005

Local Area Map & Directory



Map & Directory by Jessie Tracer/Electric Keet

⊙ Wyndham Hotel / Anthrocon

⊙ Hotel Windsor / Overflow

Hours accurate as of May 2005

#	business	phone	friday	saturday	sunday	type
1	Wawa Food Market	215-988-0648	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
2	Fresh Field's Whole Foods	215-557-0015				supermarket
9	Hahnemann University Hospital	215-762-7000	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	hospital
19	Wawa Food Market	215-977-9558	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
23	Kennedy Food Garden	215-977-9655				supermarket & deli
27	FedEx Kinko's	215-561-5170	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	copies & printing
30	State Liquor Store	215-560-5702	9a-9p	9a-9p	closed	wine & liquor
32	FedEx Kinko's	215-923-2520	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	copies & printing
33	State Liquor Store	215-560-7054	10a-9p	10a-9p	closed	wine & liquor
36	Wawa Food Market	215-751-0976	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
37	State Liquor Store	215-560-4215	9a-9p30	9a-9p30	12p-5p	wine & liquor
40	CVS/Pharmacy	215-972-0909	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & pharmacy
41	Radio Shack	215-568-1282				electronics
	Rite-Aid	215-972-0234	7a-10p	8a-10p	8a-8p	convenience & pharmacy
42	Rite-Aid	215-564-2790	7a-8p	7a-8p	8a-8p	convenience & pharmacy
43	CVS/Pharmacy	215-963-9316	8a-7p	9a-6p	12a-5p	convenience & pharmacy
45	FedEx Kinko's	215-732-2033	7a-10p	10a-6p	10a-6p	copies & printing
46	Eckerd Drugstore	215-545-8050				convenience & pharmacy
47	Reading Terminal Market	215-922-2317	8a-6p	8a-6p	closed	everything imaginable

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#	restaurant	phone	friday	saturday	sunday	type
	Shula's Steak House (Wyndham)	215-448-2700	5p-11p	5p-11p	5p-10p	sit-down steak house
1	Wawa Food Market	215-988-0648	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
3	Starbucks	215-563-6134				coffee house
4	Rose Tattoo Café	215-569-8939	11a30-4p, 5p-11p	5p-11p	closed	sit-down American
5	Savannah Soul Food Bar	215-557-9533	5p-2a	5p-2a	5p-2a	soul food
6	Westy's Tavern	215-563-6134	9a-2a	9a-2a	11a-2a	pub
7	Soho City Inc.	215-564-1986	6a-8p	6a-8p	closed	diner
8	Fountain Restaurant	215-567-5309	6a30-10p30	7a-10p	7a-10p	sit-down, high-priced
10	Little John's Pizza	215-246-0653				pizza & Italian
11	Au Bon Pain	215-567-3153				sandwich shop
12	TGI Friday's	215-665-8443				sit-down American
13	Subway	215-568-7676				sandwich shop
14	Rex Style Pizza	215-557-9555				pizza & Italian
15	Quiznos Subs	215-496-9944				sandwich shop
16	Penn View Grill Cocktail Lounge	215-567-1671	10a30-2a	10a30-2a		bar / club
	Penn View Grill	215-567-1671	7a-10p	7a-10p	closed	pizza & Italian
17	Parkway Diner	215-568-4939	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	diner
18	Marabella's	215-981-5555				sit-down Italian
	Asia on the Parkway	215-988-9889				sit-down Japanese & Chinese
	Peacock on the Parkway	215-569-8888	5p-11p	closed	closed	sit-down Turkish, Greek, & European
	Mace's Crossing	215-564-5203	11a-2a	11a-2a	11a-2a	high-class bar
19	Dunkin Donuts	215-563-9878				donuts & light fare
	Pumpnick's Deli	215-568-5443				delicatessen
	Wawa Food Market	215-977-9558	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
	New World Coffee	215-751-0283				coffee house
	Barson's Deli	215-228-3354				Kosher delicatessen
20	Olga's Luncheonette	215-568-9902				pizza & Italian
21	Park's Hoagies	215-751-0454				sandwich shop
22	Dunkin Donuts	215-564-6040				donuts & light fare
23	Kennedy Food Garden	215-977-9655				supermarket & deli
24	City Garden	215-569-8686				sit-down Chinese
	Hot Tamales	215-557-9009				Mexican
	Subway	215-246-0055				sandwich shop
25	Starbucks	215-564-6455				coffee house
	Tir Na Nog Bar & Grill	267-514-1700	11a30-2a	10a-2a	10a-1a	Irish restaurant & pub
	Amazon Café	215-569-3666				smoothies & sandwiches
26	Asahi	215-567-3665				sushi
	Orewa Deli	215-569-1107				delicatessen
	Dunkin Donuts	215-564-1949				donuts & light fare
	Church's Chicken	215-569-2153				soul food
	Unique Pizza	215-557-0458				pizza & Italian
	Ho Ho	215-568-0945				Chinese
28	Quiznos Subs	215-496-9266				sandwich shop
29	Corner Bakery Café	215-569-2533				Italian & American
31	Subway	215-569-6040				sandwich shop
34	Elephant & Castle Pub	215-751-9977				sit-down English pub
	Marathon Grill	215-561-1818	7a-8p	8a-5p	closed	sit-down & takeout American
35	Saladworks	215-977-9999				salads
36	Wawa Food Market	215-751-0976	24 hour	24 hour	24 hour	convenience & deli
38	La Sandwiche	215-567-0762				sandwich shop
	J R's Pizza	215-569-3905				pizza & Italian
	Cunningham's	215-557-9922	11a30-2a	11a30-2a	11a30-2a	bar / club
	Midtown III	215-567-5144				bar / club
39	Ciao Valverde	215-568-6633				pizza & Italian
	Lee's Hoagie House	215-564-1264				sandwich shop
44	Marathon Grill	215-569-3278	7a-12p	8a-10p	9a-10p	sit-down & takeout American
47	Reading Terminal Market	215-922-2317	8a-6p	8a-6p	closed	everything imaginable

ANTHROCON 2005

Anthrocon 2005 Charity Auction



The genre of anthropomorphics is an entertaining field that deals heavily in the thematic appreciation of animals crossed with humans to varying degrees to design fantastic, intelligent characters and marvelous new imaginary species. However, we should never overlook our real-life counterparts of this mix and, as the human portion of the blend, assist our animal friends in any way we can to ensure a better future for all of us.

This year, Anthrocon has chosen to support **Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue**, an all-volunteer canine search & rescue team. The following explains Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue's operations:

Greater Philadelphia Search and Rescue is committed to using all of the resources at its disposal to assist in disasters and to locate and rescue lost persons. Our mission is carried out through the use of the expertise and technology at the disposal of our department of dedicated volunteers, always with attention paid to the safety of all parties involved. Further, it is our intent to educate the public and private sector as to our mission and to help them in developing an understanding of what search and rescue is, how not to get lost and how to handle a disaster situation.

Search and Rescue falls between the cracks in that it is not supported by the state, county or federal government as are the other emergency services.

All personal and team operational expenses incurred are covered by our dedicated members. That's right...we pay out of pocket to go out in the middle of the night to risk our lives to help people. That, in and of itself, is a testament of the dedication of our membership.

As times change our role has grown. We need help and come to you with this need. We want to ensure that all of our members are insured and

protected in the field so they can focus on their job of getting missing loved ones back to their families.

Our members pay for insurance, uniforms, gear, fuel, and more. With some help we can do more than just maintain....we can grow and offer a better service to the community and be even more self sufficient.

GPSAR has come a long way in the past 25 years. With the current state of affairs our job is due to get more involved. With your help we can have the resources that we need to rise to meet the growing challenge before us.

WHO IS GPSAR?

Greater Philadelphia Search and Rescue (GPSAR) is a volunteer group dedicated to finding lost persons by the most efficient means possible. GPSAR volunteers are your neighbors.

GPSAR has diverse personnel including Firefighters, EMTs, citizens with other specialized skills, and more. Most are trained not only in search skills, but also land navigation, logistics, and search resource among other necessary skills.

Utilizing the expertise of our personnel, GPSAR provides coordination, support, communications, and specialized resources needed for successful search efforts.

WHAT WE DO

search: *to make painstaking investigation or examination*

rescue: *to free from confinement or danger*
Being lost can be terrifying. In this modern age with all of the technology that seems to be on us it has become even more disturbing to have someone just "vanish." Its effect extends beyond the missing subject to the loved ones. GPSAR has worked since 1979 to help minimize that effect by assisting in



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returning the person home safely or in some unfortunate situations helping locate the person so that the family may finally have closure.

Search and rescue work differs from most emergency services in that our jobs are fewer in number but longer in duration. Given the right (or wrong) mix of circumstances a search can go for any number of days.

GPSAR works with local government to utilize the expertise at our disposal to find missing subjects. Many times what we do is simply narrow down areas because the area is so large. We essentially eliminate places that people are not. We pin down the area to a more manageable size.

OTHER SERVICES WE OFFER

■ **Community Education**

Our agenda includes SAR techniques, canine demonstrations, and much more.

■ **Lost in the Woods**

This child survival program is presented to students, clubs, parents and interest groups across North America. The program provides children with Rules for Survival.

■ **In Addition:**

Canine Search Teams, Ground Search Teams, Search Team Support/Technical Rescue, Field Communications, Community Outreach & Education, Mountain Bikes, Search Managers, Water Rescue, and Community Emergency Response Teams.

You can reach Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue's representative by phone at (877) 598-5618, email at gpsar@gpsar.org, or visit their homepage at <http://www.gpsar.org/>.

Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue's representatives will be on hand during the Charity Auction to receive the bidders' payments so that it does not pass through the hands of any Anthrocon staff member. Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue's

representatives will also be in the Dealer's Room where you can receive further information on their organization and speak with them outside the Charity Auction.

The Anthrocon Charity Auction will be supporting this beneficial charity by selling to the highest bidder items donated by artists, creators, and other generous donors who have provided us with artwork, merchandise, and other original material not available anywhere else at Anthrocon without requesting anything in return to help raise money for this year's chosen charity.

Last year, the Anthrocon Charity Auction raised over \$7,200 for Forgotten Felines & Fidos. The total was one of the largest raised from a Charity Auction at an anthropomorphic-themed convention. Since 1997, Anthrocon has raised over \$50,000 for various charities, including Therapy Dogs, Whiskers, the Great Valley Nature Center, the National Greyhound Adoption Program, Canine Partners for Life, Support Our Shelters, and Forgotten Felines & Fidos.

Before the Charity Auction, items that have already been donated will be on display at a designated location. The Charity Auction itself will begin on Saturday afternoon (consult your program/schedule) and will run for approximately three hours. Donated items and services will be offered in the Charity Auction for bargain prices designed to stimulate your interest in donating to a worthy cause as well as receiving a quality product that you won't be able to find anywhere else at Anthrocon.

Bidder Information Sheets will be available for your perusal. If you feel you would like to participate by donating an item to the Charity Auction to be sold, see the Charity Auction Director, Brian Harris, before the event.

Please help us support our friends at Greater Philadelphia Search & Rescue by joining us for the 2005 Anthrocon Charity Auction on Saturday afternoon.



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Introduction

Timothy Albee

What makes a “hero?” Is it what s/he does when others can see him/her? Or is it rather, what is done “offstage,” the private, moment-by-moment thoughts that become the actions others eventually see?

It’s easy to think of a hero being a “hero” all the time, to think of him/her as being something far greater than the rest of us.

It is my experience that heroes suffer the same grief, pain, sorrow, loss and self-doubt as we all. Heroes are often those who have embraced the low-points within their lives, for the purpose of

using that suffering to serve as a bowstring to propel far greater and better changes than could have ever been accomplished from a median emotional state.

Within every moment exists choice.

Through the choices to allow their actions to adhere, always, to the paths of Honor and integrity, heroes such as Kaze are forged from people as common as you or I.

Ghost Warrior—Overture takes place, chronologically, days before the opening of *Kaze: Ghost Warrior*.

Ghost Warrior—Overture

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“Look at me!” the tiger snarls, holding up his hands, huge, strong. His muscles ripple beneath his light robes. Tessoh looks on, frozen with teacup and biscuit hovering midway to his mouth.

Kaze slides his claws out of their sheaths, black, hooked, polished and deadly. He turns his hands over, looking at them as if they belonged to someone else. “I never wanted this.”

The tiger’s gaze slides from the deadly talons, along his forearms. “I never wanted any of this. I never wanted this body... the responsibility of what it comes with.” His fist slams, a cannon shot upon the table. The tea-service leaps into the air, scattering as it lands. “This isn’t me! You know me, you raised me! You remember how I was when I was young!”

Tessoh blinks, quietly sipping his tea.

“Why do I have to be built this way! All I ever wanted was...” his voice falters. Elbows upon the table, he cradles his forehead in his paws.

“It’s always me who has to do the protecting, it’s always me that has to take care of others, clean up after their mess.” Frustration scorches the edges of the tiger’s voice. “I’m the one who always has to set things right after others just carelessly destroy them! I’ve *always* had to do this.” He balls his hands into fists, driving his knuckles into his temples.

“I’ve never wanted this. I just wanted someone to...” again, his voice falters. “Everyone else in this world seems to be able to shirk their responsibilities, to just let things slide. *I can’t!* I’ve never been able to do that.... Not even once! Why do I have to be the one who has to pick up after things have gone wrong: ‘Oh don’t worry, Kaze’s here. He can take care of it. I’ll just do a half-baked job, Kaze will fix it if I just botch things up enough!’

The tendons in his throat are corded steel as he curses, “I’m sick of having to always, *always*, come through, when the rest of the world can just skate by on second-rate....” Kaze drags his claws through his scalp. “And when things do go wrong, I’m the one who gets saddled with it. I’m the one who’ll take the blame because I’m too stupid to see the truth of what’s going on until....” The tiger grates his breath back under his control.

Long moments pass.

“I’m tired, father. I’m just so tired of it all... of being strong... of being stupid... of...” he rakes at his head, his face buried in his palms.

“You could just walk away.”

Kaze shakes his head silently, sucking air through wet teeth.

“You could let the world come to you when *it* is ready. You don’t have to fight the world; force it to accept the beauty that you are.”

“I... I can’t. It...” he grinds his fists into his forehead, “It feels like I’d be.... I can’t just do nothing. I feel like I’d be walking away from....”

Tessoh nods silently, urging his son to continue...

Kaze, face still buried in clenched fists opens his mouth. Nothing comes out. Tessoh, softly reaches across the table, placing his palm gently before his son. Kaze slowly lowers his own, enveloping the tiny paw in his.

“I can’t... just... do nothing.” Kaze struggles to regain control of his breathing. “Walking away feels like... like... like letting go of...” His lips try to form the words.

“Of ‘Bay?’”

Kaze nods.

Tessoh gently rests his free paw on top of Kaze’s.

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"Kaze..." the ferret whispers, "you don't have to be an instrument of Karma. You don't *have* to be... if you don't wish it."

Kaze yanks his paw free. "Who else is going to be!" his face, a mask of pain. "Do you see what goes on out there? Do you have any idea the things people do to each other? And do you know why! They do this because they feel somehow that they're free from any kind of retribution, in this life or others! They don't feel any pain from murdering, lying, cheating.... Who else is going to do a thing to keep this tide in check! Maybe... maybe if the fear of meeting up with me is enough to keep one piece of filth from hurting someone else...."

"...And when you die? What then?"

Kaze falters.

"By the Goddess, Kaze! You're my Son! I love you! Please don't throw your life away on this! This path of heroics you've set yourself upon is yours only because *you* believe it to be so! It's not what 'Bay would have wanted!

Tessoh pins his son with a stare, "Kaze, when you die, and you *will* die someday, these people will still continue going right on doing all that they've been doing. Chances are, the horrible things will *increase* for years after they've heard you're dead. *And*, there's a good chance you'll be killed by one of these people you've set yourself against." The ferret draws his paw paternally down his son's cheek. "I shudder to think what they'd do to this body, if you were caught... and killed by one of them."

Kaze stares at his father, hurt, rage, and confusion clouding his visage.

"Beware what you fight too strongly. What you hold in your mind, you become." Tessoh looks deeply into his son's eyes. "Choose carefully, what enters and lives here..." he traces his tiny paw from Kaze's temple to the tiger's heart, "and here.

"There *are* alternatives." The elder quietly rights Kaze's overturned teacup, refilling it and offering it gently. "This is a world best changed from the *inside*."

Kaze scoffs.

Tessoh nods.

"You know I don't believe in 'magic.'"

"But you use it."

Kaze narrows his eyes.

"Yes, you do. And I know *how* you use these... 'gifts' of yours."

Kaze stares hard at his father for a moment, thinking words of denial, effrontery, even rage, trying to force them to form on his lips. At last he turns away.

"I just don't know how to go on," Kaze's voice, deep with sorrow. "I... I wish I wasn't me. I..." he chuffs derisively, looking at his huge, platter-sized paws. "Why couldn't I have been born like 'Bay."

Tessoh blinks, quietly listening.

"Bay was soft... gentle... kind. 'Bay was... everything I'm not." Kaze sets the teacup down, swallowing hard. "So small... so delicate... so beautiful. Oh, by all I hold dear, father, I loved 'Bay so much." Tears darken the curves of his cheeks. "I *still* love 'Bay, and I can't make myself stop... or believe 's gone. I *lived* to keep 'Bay safe...." Kaze bows his head again.

"But you didn't..."

"You weren't there!" Kaze's roar rattles plates hidden in their cupboards. "It should have been me! 'Bay trusted me! It...."

Blood begins to drip onto the table from the tiger's clenched fists, his claws biting deep into his own palms.

"I still hear 'Bay's last breath... Gods, father... I remember how it smelled. I remember the look in 'Bay's eyes as... as..." Kaze forces himself to remember. "I could feel it happening.... I could *feel* 'Bay's spirit..." tears mingle with blood upon the table, his breath, ragged, "and I couldn't stop it!

Kaze's raises his head with shame and hurt beyond measure. "...'Bay forgave me... I could see... in 's eyes... *still* so full of love.... 'E was drowning... *drowning!* in 's own blood... and 'e was so *calm*.... 'E *still* loved me. 'E *still* trusted me...."

The tiger hugs his own chest as he rocks, his neck in his paws, "Gods... I wish I would have had the strength to die there with 'Bay.... 'E was the strong one. I should have let them kill me, right there. We could have died in each-other's arms... we could have been together as we crossed over... paw in paw, breath to breath... blood to blood....

Again, Kaze seeks his father's eyes. "Only... Only I was too *afraid!* I was too afraid to die! I... I ran. I was too *afraid* to stay at 's side!" Kaze's voice falters but he forces himself onward. "'Bay was the only one I ever loved. And I left 'Bay to be... to be.... Oh Gods, 'Bay was crushed when they came at me... I ran... I ran... and *still* I heard the sound of...." He breaks down into sobs.

Tessoh rounds the table, wrapping his diminutive arms around the huge form of his adopted son, cradling and rocking him.

Kaze sobs softly, whispering 'Bay's name.

"I miss 'Bay too," Tessoh whispers.

"I should have never been born into a tiger's body. I should never have even been feline; I was never any good at it. Everything about being this way has always been foreign... I just learned to fake it. I feel like I'm just this... this puppet of how others think someone like me should be."

"You give to others what you most wish to receive," Tessoh gently rubs his son's temples. "And it's the *doing* that matters. If you *succeed* in what you do, if others are *helped*, it doesn't matter that you feel miscast."

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The room is silent for a long time... breaths fall with soft discordant rhythms. The soft guttering of the lamps carves shadows in the stillness.

"We move the worlds, through the parts of those worlds nearest us – through the parts we most directly touch. We can positively influence the worlds, simply by taking responsibility for the actions within our own tiny corners of them. And we can *choose* to only allow good to exist within those small, protected bits of the worlds. Everyone must take responsibility for their own actions; one can not take responsibility for another's."

"I just can't... I... Maybe... I..." Kaze draws air hard through the bitter taste in his mouth.

Tessoh brushes back the soft orange fur around his son's ears. "You can't just let it go?"

"Bay died in my arms! How can I let....?" Kaze bites his words silent.

"Does this world truly need more hate... more killing?"

Kaze's ears flatten.

Tessoh sighs and rests his forehead against his son's.

"They have to be brought to justice for what they...."

Tessoh presses a finger to Kaze's lips, silencing him.

Kaze reaches for his father's paw, encircling it in his massive grip. He leans back to look into the other's eyes. "I'll try to let it go. But I have to do this first...."

Tessoh shakes his head, softly, sadly, stroking his son's cheek. "Your gifts are so strong... I look forward to the day when they are channeled into life, instead of death."

Kaze quirks an eyebrow, "Me, a monk?"

Tessoh grins.

"A healer?"

Tessoh nods. "The manipulation of the force that moves these bodies is the same. One way separates the spirit from the body, the other way strengthens its connection."

Kaze mulls this for long moments as his father returns heavily to his chair, "I never knew."

Tessoh opens his mouth, but changes his mind. "Stay a few days? Get some earth, and life, back under those claws of yours?"

"I wish I could," Kaze sighs sadly, shaking his head.

"Stay the night then? A good night's rest... a good breakfast?" Tessoh laughs mischievously, "I could read you your old favorite stories, and I promise I'll fill the lamp in the hallway so it stays lit all night."

Kaze's ears flatten, and he looks away. "I don't deserve it."

"Oh Kaze, yes you do! Yes you do..." Tessoh reaches to stroke his son's face, but Kaze stands, shaking his head softly...

"Not yet."

Tessoh stands as well, and the two regard each other silently for many long moments.

Kaze pulls his father into a tight embrace. Tears dampen the fur on both their faces. "I Love you, father."

"I Love you too, my son."

The lamps gutter quietly.

Kaze pulls back, his fingertips catching the seams of his father's clothes. He laughs softly... "I know... my claws need trimming... I'll file them round when I come home to stay."

Tessoh swallows, "I'll keep your room ready for you, as always."

Kaze turns and walks through the door, closing the latch silently.

It is a long while before Tessoh finally turns to clear the table.

Lamp in hand, Tessoh climbs the stairs slowly. He opens the door to Kaze's old bedroom.

The scent in the room is old, Kaze's bed is as it was when he was young. Kaze's old drawings and carvings adorn the walls and shelves filled with books.

Tessoh sets the candle upon the night table and sits on the once brightly colored sheets. Kaze's old stuffed-animal, re-sewn countless times, leans forlornly against the pillow. He reaches to press the tender memory of Kaze's childhood days to his chest, staring into the blackness of the night.

"Come back safely. I love you, my son."



By Any Other Name...

Nick Hardin

Mary Raines had always enjoyed days off. The young collie planned to relax for the entire day, but as a single mother of two, relaxation was hard to come by even on days like today.

Ah, well. It was still morning and the pups weren't up yet.

She turned on the TV and walked off to begin the laundry, casually walking by a rather inconspicuous switch behind the hamper in her closet as she pondered what to do before her children woke up.

As she carried the clothing bin to the washing machine, she failed to notice a news flash suddenly appearing on the television. The reporter on-location was standing in front of a smoking building that had just collapsed. Police and firefighters were behind him rushing in and out of view as the reporter tried to make himself heard on the microphone. "The hotel complex was believed to be housing not only traveling citizens but a number of celebrities, all of whom had flown in to attend tonight's charity banquet. No one is sure of the causes of the explosion which occurred inside the building, but police say a local anarchist group may be to blame. Judging by all the propaganda posters that were recently found throughout the city; posters that were denouncing the banquet due to multiple claims..."

Mary had just walked back into the room when she froze, eyes slowly widening at seeing the event unfold on TV. Before she even had a chance to utter a word in shock, she noticed a familiar police officer in the background running into the building. It was her neighbor from across the street, Jack Tarens!

Normally, she would run back to her bedroom closet and hit the hidden switch, revealing the white-and-blue-metallic suit of her superpowered alter ego, FantastaGirl, and fly straight to the scene. Today, however... Seeing Jack captivated her. She had known for years that he was a police officer, but not once had she seen him in action until now. Recorded screens of the disaster kept repeating in between the reporter's segments, and she kept seeing him among the EMS crew clearing out the area and helping survivors. For the first time, she wondered just how much more a superhero could do than what had already been done there.

Her ear twitched as she heard one of her pups walking in. It was her son, Andy.

He glanced at the TV, then frowned, "What happened on TV?"

Mary turned and calmly replied, "There was an accident at a hotel, Andy."



"Why? How did the building fall?"

"Well... they think that some really bad people did it."

"Why?"

Mary paused for a moment, then answered, "I don't know, sweetie."

Andy then gasped and pointed at the Bernese Mountain Dog on the screen, "That's Mr. Jack! Is he hurt?"

"No," Mary replied. "He's helping other people who are hurt."

"What about FantastaGirl? Why isn't she there helping, too?"

Mary paused again, this time without a sure answer. She was brought out of her trance as she felt Andy holding onto her leg, as if he were hiding from the TV screen.

"What's wrong, Andy?" she asked as he began to whimper.

"What if those bad people, the ones that made this happen... What if they do it again? What if they hurt Mr. Jack? W-What'll happen if they come HERE?"

It was then that Mary knew why FantastaGirl wasn't at the scene. She had another job to do. Jack and his fellow officers were being the heroes of the disaster this time. For this situation, FantastaGirl had to be a different kind of hero.

She had to be a parent.

Mary knelt and put her arms around her whimpering pup to comfort him. "Shhhhh. It's okay, sweetie. Mommy's here."

No Greater Love

Dave "Lonewolf" Savitsky

A bright, hot summer sun beat down on the old wolf as he wheeled his chair along the concrete walkway. The ground beneath him gradually sloped downward, giving way to a wall of polished black granite, in which the wolf studied his reflection as he went. He wore a pair of khaki slacks and a light blue button-up shirt, a red baseball cap with the U.S. Marines insignia resting in his lap. The brown loafers on his feet, though clean and polished to a soft shine, were showing their age.

Like his shoes, the wolf, too, was showing his age. His shoulders were squared and he held his head high despite the forward lean of his whole body; his spine curved from living most of his adult life confined to a chair. The dark grey fur that covered his body had become snow white and slightly grizzled on the end of his muzzle, and his skin hung slightly from his jaw. The wolf's eyes, however, remained clear and focused.

With a soft sigh he closed his eyes and rubbed his brow. When he reopened them, he focused not

on his reflection, but on the rows and rows of names engraved on the wall. Nearly five hundred feet of polished black granite held the names of 58,245 of his brothers and sisters. The names of those who, decades ago, had gone halfway around the world to fight for something they believed in... and never made it home alive.

Slowly the wolf wheeled his chair alongside the wall, watching the names roll by, keeping silent count of the number of slates he passed. When he came to the twenty-first slate, he stopped and turned his chair to face the wall. Putting his paw against it, he paused. Even in the heat of a Washington D.C. July, the stone felt cool against his pads, as if the grief and pain that all those names it represented kept it chilled under the light of the sun.

Swallowing, he began to move his paw up the rows of names on that twenty-first slate until it rested on one:

William Keifer Hurst.

Again he swallowed, a tear welling up in his eye,



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even as a soft smile lifted the corners of his muzzle.

"Thirty-six years, my friend," he said. "Thirty-six years and still I thank you every day for what you did for me. For the life that you gave me."

Images of a small clearing amidst dense jungle flowed through the wolf's mind. Of a troop of friends and brothers loading up a pair of choppers waiting to take them home. There was an excitement in the air all around them, unspoken lest the fates be tempted to shatter the fragile peace.

Little of what followed ever stuck in his memory. What he did remember, though, he could see in his mind's eye as if he was still there. He could still see the grenade flying through the air towards him. The sound of a voice shouting his name. An instant later, a body impacting his own. A small snap as his body hit the ground, followed by a concussive blast.

He remembered dragging himself across the ground with his arms, unable to feel anything below his chest. Where he'd stood a moment before lay the lion that knocked him away. Propped up on his elbows, the wolf looked down at the dying feline. The lion's gaze turned absently toward him, and he smiled softly.

"It's okay," he said. "Just...promise you'll visit me every once in a while."

The old wolf closed his eyes tightly, bowing his muzzle to his chest, tears flowing down his cheeks. He pressed his paw hard against the wall—so hard the name of his friend, his savior, put imprints into his paw pads.

"Excuse me?" A small voice interrupted his thoughts. "Sir?"

The wolf slowly opened his eyes and looked up. The world of grass and blood faded away and was replaced again by that of the black granite wall.

"Mr. Wolf?"

The wolf turned his head to find a small lion cub standing a couple feet from his chair, looking up at him with innocent eyes full of curiosity. The cub's red and white striped shirt was half-tucked into his too-big denim shorts, and he had a lack of any visible mane.

"Did you know him, Mr. Wolf?" the cub asked.

"Did I know who, son?" the wolf replied, cocking his head slightly

"My grandpa. The one whose name your paw is on. William Hurst."

The wolf looked to the name on the wall, taking his paw away, then looked back at the cub.

"Yes, son. I knew him."

The cub's eyes lit up and he took a slow step closer to the wheelchair, turning to the wall. "Can you tell me about him, Mr. Wolf?" he asked, as he looked at the name of his grandfather. The cub had his grandfather's eyes, the wolf noted, and the same distinct, hard-edged muzzle.

"I never knew him," the young lion continued. "Mommy said that he was away when she was born and never came home, so she can't tell me much. And Grandma died when I was still too young to ask. So I don't know anything about him."

The wolf turned his gaze up, spotting a pair of lions up the walkway a little, watching their cub talk to this stranger. The male had held his wife's shoulders, hugging her gently to him. Even from a distance the wolf could tell that she, too, had inherited her father's muzzle.

"Mister?" the cub pleaded. The old wolf smiled softly as he wiped the last of his tears from his eyes. He looked one last time at the name on the wall before turning his chair to face the cub.

"Sure thing, son," he said, patting the cub on the shoulder. "C'mon up here with your parents, and I'll tell you all about your Grandpa William."



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Coat Of Many Colors

Chaka Wolf

In the Korvus star system orbit two planets capable of sustaining Lupine life. Evolution of that life had taken place on Graax, the third world out from the yellow star Korvo. Two millennia later, when the Graaxian wolves learned to reach beyond their world, they found the mild climate of Sharta, the fourth planet, much to their liking.

As colonies were established on Sharta and trade developed between the two planets, space travel became common. The flamboyant Alpha wolves that captained the great ships captured Qa'taan's imagination when he was just a cub. Immersing himself in the sciences, the young wolf prepared himself for a life between worlds. As adept as he was at his studies, he could do nothing about the heritage of his fur. Born of a grey and yellow sire and a black, gold and silver dam, Qa'taan's coat was an admixture of pigmentation. His ears were white and gold on the inside, different shades of red on the back. His muzzle was split down the middle by a white streak flanked by brown on the left and light grey on the right. His back was a polychromasia of reds, tans and greys. Not even his tail escaped; black on the tip, its balance was banded and stippled with all the colors of his parents. He had endured a lifetime of ridicule, and now, as graduation approached, he was worried that his bizarre pelt would keep him from the career of his dreams. It was his best friend, K'shan, who gave his misgivings voice. "Your markings won't interfere with your assignment, Qa'taan, your grades are too good. You're not Alpha status. That's what will keep you out of the captain's chair."

"I've won my share of challenges. I should have been Alpha by now. I bested La'drill, and he's been Alpha for a year."

"I know, but it's not just challenges, you know, it's attitude, discipline, and forgive me for saying it, looks. That won't hold you back in school, where it's all by the numbers, but it will affect the pack's perception of your status, and the result will be the same."

"What can I do?"

K'shan considered, and said, "My advice is to pick a fight in public where everywolf can see, and don't stop when you've won. Do some damage; break a limb, chew off an ear, something they'll remember. Nowolf will dispute your status then."

Qa'taan's ears lowered, and he looked down at his paws. He had suffered much pain over his unusual coloring, and he was loath to inflict pain on another for the same stupid reason.

After graduation, when the assignments were announced, Qa'taan's fears were confirmed. He was posted to D'sull's ship as tactical officer. The ship was named "Letrinn," for the captain's newest mate. There was a standing joke in the service that D'sull would wear a hole in the ship's titanium hull from his repeated changing of the name to match that of his current female.

Tactical officer. Qa'taan sighed. The only enemy the Graaxians ever encountered was the Gorems. Homeless and wandering, the Gorems never attacked worlds, preying instead on spacecraft. Attacks, while vicious, were few and far between. The ship had to be armed—had to have a tactical officer—but the weapons might never be needed. Weekly checks of the hull-mounted coaxial lasers and inspections of the pawheld plasma weapons would be Qa'taan's only job. There would be no exposure, no chance for advancement.



Created out of a need for heroes who are larger than life, superheroes embody the best and most valiant parts of human nature. They possess most wondrous powers, superior strength, the sharpest of minds, yet this alone does not make a superhero. It is that despite the most hopeless of situations, the most impossible odds, the most terrifying of dangers, the superhero will unselfishly dive into the fray. Whether saving the world from the evillest of supervillains with an asteroid flinging mega-slingshot, to fighting for truth and justice, to getting you a super cup of coffee, the superhero represents a peak of courage, justice and compassion that many strive to reach.

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After a few round trips to Sharta, Qa'taan discovered a diversion for his boredom. Inspection of the coax lasers required him to leave the Letrinn's cabin. Equipment for extravehicular activities was a backpack carbon dioxide scrubber and a force shield. Worn on the chest, the force shield generator produced an impermeable energy bubble around the wearer. Along with the scrubber, one could remain in the vacuum of space for several hours. After finishing with the weapons, Qa'taan would find a convenient anchor point and drift along with the ship, away from the smirks of the crew and alone with his thoughts.

When the attack came, it was precipitous. Qa'taan was walking along the corridor one moment, rebounding from the far wall the next. When he got his paws under him, he raced to the command center and grabbed his tactical console for support as another blast shuddered through the ship. One glance at his instruments was enough. The Letrinn no longer possessed a weapons array. The lasers he'd spent so much time with were gone—ripped away in the first strike. The air around him howled as it escaped into space from a paw-sized rent in the hull. As Captain D'sull barked commands, the crew clawed at the straps of scrubbers and force shield generators in the thinning atmosphere.

Qa'taan left the command center as the bulkhead door was sealed. Without weapons, he would just be in the way. As he racked his brain for ideas, he was nearly run down by a wolf pushing a cart loaded with emergency equipment. Apologizing, the wolf thrust a plasma rifle into Qa'taan's paws, and grabbed the handle of his cart to continue his journey. Qa'taan stopped him and asked, "Do you have any scrubbers and force shields?"

"Shields, but no more scrubbers." replied the wolf, tossing Qa'taan a shield generator.

"This will do," Qa'taan said, but the wolf was gone.

Making his way to the airlock, Qa'taan shrugged into the shield with the ease of long practice. He waited until the last minute to activate the unit, to maximize the time he could spend in the shield without a scrubber to recycle the air. When the generator's field was established, he exited the airlock.

Outside, Qa'taan was greeted by the silence he'd come to love. Even the megawatt energy bolts from the Gorem ship flashed in silence now. If one of those hit him, he would be incinerated. The shield was good for low pressure gasses only, not for energy weapons. Drifting along the familiar hull of

the dying Letrinn, Qa'taan searched for the engine hatch on the Gorem ship. Hours in tactical classes had taught him what to look for. He knew the Gorem response would be swift, so he fired and moved quickly to a new spot. The return blast was so close that he could feel the intense heat. He fired again.

On board the Letrinn, the crew gathered at the viewports as Qa'taan's weapon struck their attackers. At the second blast, a cheer rose from the command center.

"Who's out there?" asked D'sull, his ears pricked.

Before anywolf could answer, the third shot from Qa'taan's rifle detonated the Gorem ion drive. The watchers covered their eyes as a flash as bright as the direct light of Korvo lit the void.

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Days later, as the Letrinn lay safely in the Graaxian drydock, D'sull inspected the damage. He tested the now dull finish of the titanium hull with a claw.

"Ion etching," said a voice from behind D'sull. "It won't hurt anything. We can polish it out for you if you want."

D'sull turned to see one of the facility's technicians. "What about the holes?"

"Already on 'em. Say, you want to see something really wild?"

D'sull followed the wolf down three levels, past more ion-scarred hull, to see what he had discovered. Pointing at a curious pattern on the hull, the technician said, "There must have been something between you and the Gorem ship when she blew—something colorful. The ion blast fused it into the surface."

D'sull's tail froze as he gazed at the pattern of black and gold, of red and yellow and grey.

"We can polish that out, too. It's just a few molecules deep. Wonder what it was."

D'sull whispered, "No, leave it just like it is. I do have one request, though, I want to change the ship's name again."

The technician flashed his fangs in a knowing smile, "Got a new sweetie, eh? What name do you want this time?"

"Qa'taan."

The technician's smile faded. "Doesn't sound like a female's name."

D'sull ran his paw over the colorful pattern, lowered his head, and said, "No, it's not."

The Proteus Process

Kristina Tracer

The first thing I did when I woke was to take stock of the room and try to identify what had happened. My last memories were of meeting a contact for a drink to share some information, and then... I shook my head. The back of my throat felt slick with something unpleasant, likely the remnants of whatever sedative I had been slipped. I quietly cursed myself as I slid out of bed. Rule number one was always supposed to be "keep your guard up," but I thought Deke could be trusted, and so I relaxed, enough to let him—or someone else—slip some knockout drops into my beer, and I hadn't even noticed.

The room was obviously someone's bedroom, filled with the scent of tobacco and mint, probably Eva Jade, from the mixture. A moment later, a glance at an ashtray on the nightstand confirmed my guess. The walls were lined with filing cabinets, most locked when I tested their handles. The only one that opened revealed not paperwork but clothing and boxes of military rations; whoever lived here was prepared to stay a while, probably in hiding. The only other furniture I saw beside the bed and nightstand was a single-bulb lamp, currently providing light. The room felt barren despite the furniture.

Atop one of the filing cabinets rested an old photograph in a wooden frame, the only object of any visible value. The image was grainy from age, and from a distance I had trouble making out the contents. Set into the wood, a tarnished gold bar glinted from the only light in the room, drawing my gaze. Up close, the image revealed a small cluster of base humans, smiling outward towards the camera, clustered next to a machine that I immediately recognized as a Proteus prototype, one obviously old and clunky enough to have probably been the first. It took me only a few seconds to identify Joseph Keiler, Andrew Fitzbaum and Simon Malkovich; their faces had adorned the walls of every Proteus Center I'd ever visited. The last, though, I had never seen before, and the curious absence made my hackles rise.

"Ah, Miss Dennison, you're awake," came a voice from behind me, male, elderly. I dropped into a crouch, spinning as I did so, bringing my arms up to defend myself. In front of me stood a grey—no, red but greying from age—fox Protean. His eyes were steel blue, a strange shade between blue and grey that suggested cataracts. He wore a loose-fit cardigan slung around his shoulders over a baggy button-down shirt, and slacks that looked to be in desperate need of ironing. His hind paws were bare, and behind him his tail twitched nervously in the open door

frame. "Do forgive my rudeness, but you would not have accepted an invitation."

"Who are you? Where is this?" I did my best to keep my voice even, but the thought of having been kidnapped by one of my own made my hackles rise, and I found it hard to keep control of my temper.

He chuckled. "Of course, you wouldn't recognize me, though I do believe you know me." He sketched out a half-bow, eyes dropping from mine. "Arthur Simpson."

My eyes went wide, and for all of two seconds I was too stunned to move. I'd heard the stories; what Protean hadn't? I underwent the process in Vulpen, but I knew from the others in the League that the tales were the same in The Kennels, Savannah or even Highmont. We feuded, at first, when the Proteus Centers were first opening. Bickering, harassment, jibes back and forth over who was the best, the fastest, the strongest, the prettiest. In the beginning, it was all in fun. It didn't take long, though, for things to get ugly. What started as friendly rivalry among the elders became racial pride in the kids. Then we started seeing the drive-bys. The gangs. The assaults. We became a community of isolationists.

Then came the attacks from outside. The first bomb killed twenty people and destroyed the Aerie Proteus Center, and Arthur Simpson—under the pseudonym Zookeeper—claimed responsibility ten minutes later in a phone call to Security Central. He said our "petty squabbling" proved we were unfit to call ourselves people, and needed to be eliminated for the "safety and purity of the human race." He became every Protean's bogeyman overnight, the lurking horror from outside that threatened everything we'd built in our communities. We went from being cats, dogs, wolves, birds and the like to simply being Proteans. We formed the Pan-Protean Defense League to keep the peace and protect our own. We started actively recruiting Enhanced to join the cause, and we swore, every last one of us, that we'd one day find the Zookeeper, and we'd show *him* who deserved to be in a cage.

"You're insane," I spat back. "You can't be him."

The tip of his tail twitched, and he smiled. His body blurred, warping beneath his loose-fitting clothing until a human figure stood before me... the fourth one from the picture. The clothes were different, but the face was the same. "He could not, perhaps, but... could I?" The voice was different, but the eyes were the same, those alien greyish-blue orbs that held my vision. "Believe me, Miss Dennison. I am the one you seek."

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The back of my brain convulsed. *He's not only Protean; he's Enhanced!* I dove to the side, raising one paw, fingers outstretched towards Simpson. As the tips of my claws converged, a lance of brilliant white light flashed towards the man, and I fully expected when I rose again to see him clutching at his chest, but when I recovered from my roll, again in a crouch, he was holding his own paw in front of him, fingers spread. A shimmer in the air around him crackled softly to my ears. "A nice attempt, Miss Dennison," he said with a sad smile. "Unfortunately, I doubt you alone could take me. Please, we haven't much time. Your companions in the League will be along soon, no doubt."

A similar bolt shot towards me from his outstretched arm. Rather than bothering to dodge it, I let it catch me full in the chest, absorbing its power. A hot flash ran through my body, spreading outwards from my stomach, and I grinned briefly. "I have nothing to say to you," I spat back, firing another shot as I dropped behind his bed. Again the beam flared against his shield and then simply disappeared. "Do you know how many of your own kind you've killed?"

"Less than your friends at Security Central would have in the same span," he replied calmly, lowering his shield with a soft crackle-hiss of fading energy.

That got my attention. Ears perked, I did my best to get my breathing under control. "What do you mean?"

Something jingled softly on the bed. "There's your answer."

I waited several seconds, but he seemed determined not to speak again, so I rose to peer at the bed. Sitting a few inches from my nose were a set of keys on a ring. "They're for the filing cabinets," he explained unnecessarily. "Take a look for yourself."

I glared at the man standing in the doorway, blocking the exit, but lacking any other options, I took the keys and began unlocking the cabinets, quickly shuffling through each in turn. Inside were pages upon pages of bills, communiqués, printed e-mails. One cabinet seemed devoted to archiving CDs and DVDs, each meticulously labeled with dates and names. "What's all this?"

Simpson smiled and stepped forward, away from the door. "I trust I've captured your curiosity enough that you won't make a run for it," he said as he approached. I backed away from him quickly, hopping up onto the bed. He dug through one of the cabinets, then extracted a folder and tossed it onto the bed. "The *pièce de résistance*," he explained with a smirk. "Go on."

I scowled, but opened the folder. Inside appeared to be pages of e-mail back and forth. The subject lines looked like sports teams match-ups, but then things started to cohere: records of payments to individuals whose names I remembered from the newsies, letters

congratulating successful missions on the mornings after major gang fights. I looked up at Simpson, still standing in front of the cabinet. "So what's the point of all this?" I sneered, trying not to show my concern. "Are you trying to claim that Security Central was behind all those bombings and you're just a patsy?"

The man—now again a fox—chuckled dryly, shaking his head. "Would that I could. No, I did everything I said I did. That, however," he emphasized with a jabbed claw in the direction of the folder, "was their doing."

I blinked, trying to make sense of his statements. "What... wait, I don't get this at all. You really *are* crazy."

Simpson shook his head again. "No, Miss Dennison, I assure you I am not mad. Listen to me for one moment, and let me explain, please."

I doubted anything he could tell me would convince me, but it didn't seem I had anything better to do. Besides, now I really was curious. "I'm listening," I said as neutrally as I could.

He nodded, silent, almost as if unsure of what to say next. He sighed, taking a seat at the foot of the bed, his hands folded in his lap. "I'm sure you saw the picture," he finally said, pointing back at the frame above the wall of cabinets. "You were studying it when I entered."

"I know the other faces. I'm assuming yours is the last." He nodded again, and I grimaced. "So... what made you turn from being a respectable scientist to a mass murderer?"

He winced, and I knew I'd hit a nerve. "Did you ever wonder, Miss Dennison, why Security Central is slow to respond to complaints from the ghettos? What could cause any Protean to turn against another? Why cats and dogs fight like—" He stopped, an apologetic smile crossing his face.

I shook my head, but then froze. "You're saying that this is Security's doing?" My ears flattened against my head, while my tail bristled.

The fox at the foot of the bed held very still for a moment before standing again. "Getting documentation wasn't easy. I've... had to be many people, do many things. I'm not proud of most of them," he added, hanging his head. "What I haven't done, though, is rolled over and played dead." At this last, I saw the tension in his arms as he balled his hands into fists. Energy pulsed through his veins, throbbing with his anger.

I sat bolt-upright on the bed, shifting uncomfortably. "But why? What did they have to gain from this? Assuming you're telling me the truth, which I doubt." I added the last hastily, as if trying to convince him... or myself. I didn't want to believe him. I wasn't even sure I wanted to believe this was even the man I'd been taught to hate. I wanted to think he was some poor crazy Protean, brain half-scrambled

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from a botched run, but I couldn't shake the feeling that he was deathly serious.

He chuckled darkly. "Nothing... but they had everything to lose. Security Central is designed to see everything first in terms of friend-or-foe, and friends aren't their responsibility. They saw the Enhanced as a potential threat to public safety, and the idea of a self-generating and perpetuating minority as a threat to political stability. They had every reason to foment squabbles between the groups, to create the idea that you were only safe in your own district, that the lizards hated the birds, the rats hated everyone, and if you got caught alone in public in unfamiliar quarters, run or call Security Central. They wanted to make you dependent on them for everything, and ultimately..." He stopped, looking at me with those haunting grey-blue eyes.

I let out the breath I wasn't aware I'd been holding, leaning forward, arms around my waist. "Yes? Go on," I snapped. "You said you don't have a lot of time."

He shook his head, clearing his reverie, and chuckled. "Yes, quite right. We don't, really. Ultimately, they planned to start a race war, turning one camp against another to 'prove' that Proteus was an unsafe process and needed regulation. They wanted to shut down the centers, force anyone in the ghettos to reverse their changes, and declare a triumph of safety over progress. You all stopped that, however. You came together and proved your worth."

I smirked. "You're damn right we did. We pulled together, and we made it through all of that."

Then he smiled, a look of pure pride on his muzzle. "Yes, but what pulled you together? You were set to dissolve into a morass of bickering cubs and kits fighting over your toys, and Security Central was all too willing to give you the rope you needed to hang yourselves. What forced you to put aside your petty differences, reach out to each other, and pull together for the common good?"

His eyes met mine again, and suddenly I understood. "You..." I stared, slack-jawed. "You... you killed all those people... over politics?"

He shook his head. "No, Miss Dennison. I killed all those people to protect the lives of everyone else. If I had not acted in the way I had, and the inter-clan violence had continued, what would you have done? What would Security Central have done? You know their policies. You know their methods. Answer the question yourself. If you had not had an outside threat to force you to overcome your differences, and they had continued to act to push you apart from within, how would it have ended? You needed me, Miss Dennison. You needed someone who cared enough to do his best to minimize the damage done at every turn, to leave you the clues you needed to recover and survive and thrive."

I pushed myself backwards, into the wall. "You're a monster."

He shrugged. "I will be remembered as such, Miss Dennison, but I know in my heart that I did the best that I could to save as many lives as possible."

He looked set to continue, but a muffled explosion sounded some distance away. He smiled cheerfully at me, his eyes ablaze with power. "Your colleagues are here to rescue you, Miss Dennison, ahead of schedule. As always, my hat off to them. I must go. I beg of you one thing: I picked you, of all your team, because you have the power to absorb energy as well as disperse it. My efforts will be focused on giving the best possible ending that I can. Protect this room, Miss Dennison, and its contents. Let me die as I have lived. In the aftermath, you can decide if I am a madman or a savior."

In the face of that disarming grin, I could only nod, moving to the center of the room, closing my eyes, preparing to absorb whatever blast happened this way. When I opened them again, Arthur was gone, only the open door and the scent of tobacco and mint remaining to mark his passing.



The Superhero

Charles R. deCharleroy

A wave of water from above poured over the raging high-rise inferno. Black sooty smoke turned white and quickly thinned away.

A cheer rose up from the crowd of firefighters and National Guard Furs below as at last the remaining building burning from the firestorm that had swept the city was extinguished.

The accolades grew even louder as the city's great hero gently floated down to a perfect landing among them. There he stood, noble and dignified. Mindwave. He was a red and blue striped mutant tiger with amazing telekinetic powers, especially over water. His costume, a simple black spandex suit with a tiger's eye symbol on the chest, bore no sign of damage in spite of the workout he'd given it.

For days Mindwave had tirelessly flown back and forth to the ocean, gathering up huge spheres of seawater to douse the many structures set aflame in the aftermath of a devastating earthquake. Coupled with the longstanding drought in the region, before Mindwave lent a paw, the firefighters and Guards Furs couldn't gain any ground against the ravaging flames.

Waving to the crowd with a smile, flashes of media cameras flickering constantly, Mindwave hovered over towards a gathering of ambulances and other emergency vehicles. "Take care of the injured," he called back to the people. "They need your assistance now. And to all those who can aid in clearing the streets I ask you to speak with the National Guard. They will be assembling teams to begin the work." Soon the people were acting as requested by their hero.

But Mindwave himself dropped to the ground out of sight behind an ambulance. Several emergency workers rushed to him and soon had him hooked up to an IV and administered oxygen. After several minutes, one burly bear spoke up, "Wow, you really burned yourself out. You look like hell. I guess even superheroes have their limits."

Exhausted, Mindwave removed the oxygen mask and smiled, "A bit overworked, yes. I haven't slept in... I guess several days. I didn't really keep track."

"Well, you certainly deserve a vacation after this. We all owe you a big debt," a lupine EMT commented. "I just heard the mayor tell the reporters there'll be a statue erected in your honor when the city's repaired."

Covering his eyes with a paw and chuckling softly, Mindwave answered good-naturedly, "Oh no! Not another one!"

Everyone laughed... that is, until a desperate call crackled over the radio. "Fur down! Say again, fur down! Code Blue! 1101 Central Street, 6th floor,

room... 725, I think. It's Reggie!"

Instantly, Mindwave yanked his IV needle out, leapt from the ambulance and hurtled towards the smoldering high rise he'd recently extinguished. Reggie was one of Mindwave's oldest friends in the city. He was a third-generation firefighting ferret and courage flowed in his veins. He was also one of the first people Mindwave had revealed his powers to years ago when they'd both been in college together.

Desperately Mindwave pushed to reach his friend, though once in the room he knew all help was too late. No one spoke; a sheet lay upon Reggie's body. He was about to kneel down and lift up the sheet when a husky laid a paw on his shoulder to hold him back, "Don't. He was burned all over most of his body. It don't even look like Regg no more."

Another whispered and removed his hat. "He gave his life. How he managed to hold on to the kid, we can't even fathom."

"The kid?" Mindwave turned to the husky, his power over water useless now to hold back the tears that trickled down his muzzle.

Nodding towards the scorched hallway where a faint cry lifted up and brought a hushed sigh of relief from the EMTs. "He was carrying a little lioness cub. When he got trapped here, he shielded her with his body and gave her his oxygen mask. He, he saved her, but it..." The husky broke off to wipe tears from his own eyes.

Mindwave clenched his fist and slammed it into the floor, crushing the tiling. "No! Damn it, not Reggie!" He started to sob, "If I'd just flown faster—got to this building first."

"Don't do this, man!" the husky exclaimed, grabbing the grief-stricken tiger's shoulders. "You did everything you could do! Who knows how many lives you saved today? You've got power, but you're just one furson." He slumped back against the wall and sighed. "You can't save everybody, man. We all have to learn that eventually. I know, it hurts. It hurts a lot."

Nodding slightly, Mindwave unclenched his paws, "I know. I've had to deal with this kind of thing at almost every tragedy. There's always someone I can't reach, someone... I just—damn it, why was it Regg? He was a good guy, a great guy."

Sorrow lined the faces of the firefighters exiting the building. Mindwave insisted on carrying the body of his friend, walking down step by step.

Reporters had gathered and were circling about, crowding in to get the story.

"Vultures," the husky whispered in disgust,

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striding forward to bark his resentment at the scavenging journalists. "Always hovering around for the leftovers."

Mindwave turned to him and said softly, "Allow me. There's something I need to say."

The husky stepped back as a forest of microphones rose to catch the superhero's every word.

"I have been told that the mayor wishes to give me a statue," he began. "It is a very kind gesture, but I must ask that he forget about it. I'm tired from days without sleep. I'm nearly drained of energy. But for

all this, I was never once in danger." He looked down at the limp covered figure in his arms. "If you must make a statue to pay tribute to a hero, give it to someone who showed true bravery and courage. Give it to someone who made the ultimate sacrifice. I gave my aid to the city; my friend gave his life to a child. Give him the honor; Reggie the firefighter, the bravest fur I ever knew."

The reporters had nothing to add and dared ask no questions of the tiger as he carried his friend away.

To be a hero, one need not be a superman. One need be only a good man.



Buying Time

Kris Schnee

Cleareye was one of the last to board Ship Five. His nostrils and inner eyelids he kept shut against the blue-grey haze of the dead land the humans had made. On a concrete slab the rocket towered over him. The toolkit in his hand felt tiny and useless.

Cleareye felt like that himself. But everything would be different up there! He started climbing the engines, sticking hands and feet to the metal, and snuck a glance at the blue moon. Freedom.

The engines were already warm, and the suns shined through the poisoned sky. The hot air shimmered and made Cleareye's fur want to unwrap from around him, but here in the worst of the wasteland the Substance would seep into even his kind's skin. He took a breath while unlatching a panel for a last-minute check. Bad enough to have to inhale the stuff.

Someone was walking across the wasteland.

Cleareye opened his eyes all the way. Immediately they stung and watered. He blinked away the tears, shut the panel, and hurried down the rocket's side even as another technician climbed into the hatch above him. Cleareye dropped to the launchpad to warn the latecomer. They'd pledged not to abandon anyone. "Hey, hurry!"

The figure came closer. Cleareye could see him wearing a chemsuit and mask.

Cleareye fumbled for his radio. "A human! There's a human coming!" He walked closer, head low, ready to drop if the intruder attacked. "Human, I see you. You won't stop us."

The suited human kept coming nearer, but raised his hands. "I'm unarmed," he called out. "I need to talk to you."

Cleareye's teeth clenched. "All you people do is make demands."

"I came to warn you. They're planning to kill you."

"Stop right there. Cleareye to Ship—repeat, there's a human."

"Listen! The colony built lasers. The militia can't follow you here, but they're going to slice your ships when you launch."

Cleareye backed away. The intruder looked big even for a human. "Stop!"

The human froze, swaying on his feet. "I'm Devin. Barely got here in time. You've got to halt the launch."

"So you can enslave us again? Make us clean up the mess you humans made?" He'd been too

young to be in the first batch of hybrids, but he'd grown up hearing the stories. "You're lying."

Devin the human cursed and lowered his hands to his head. He tore his mask off, and then he was staggering and clutching his face. Cleareye took a step forward with a webbed hand outstretched. Devin said, "It's true. I came all this way. Look at me."

"The government sent you."

"They did. I found out the truth. Warn your people!"

Cleareye didn't want to look at him coughing, or imagine his fragile lungs. Crazy man! Into the radio Cleareye said, "The human says it's dangerous to launch."

Finally he got a response. "Is the intruder a threat? We're strapped in. You've got to get back."

"I don't know. He says they've got lasers, that they'll shoot us down."

The radio crackled. "Killers!" "They wouldn't!"

The commander's voice was loudest of all. "We won't give up! Subdue the human and get inside, Technician."

Subdue? Cleareye looked up at the human who'd survived crossing the wasteland. A strange light came to Devin's eyes and he charged, not quite at him. Cleareye dodged and Devin ran past him.

Devin was heading for Ship Five. Cleareye shouted "Saboteur!" and chased him. Devin flailed behind him to knock Cleareye to the soupy, stinking ground. Devin reached the launchpad and ran beneath the engines.

Cleareye ran to the concrete's edge. "Don't do this to us!" His ship, his family, the moon.

"Do what?"

"Don't blow it up. You've already done so much to us."

Devin looked confused. "I won't. But—kid, have you ever seen a human burned alive?"

Cleareye's stomach turned.

"Before you were made—born—we burned each other. Your people have never done that. Yet. And I'm not leaving." The air wavered around him like an oven.

"Idiot!" Cleareye said. "You've already poisoned yourself. Why?"

"I want your people to live. Please, find a way. Stop the launch."

"I can't."

Devin sat, or fell to his hands. "Then you'll burn me."

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Humans didn't care about his people. They never did this.

And his own kind never killed.

But Cleareye couldn't do anything. He slapped hands and feet against the rocket and started climbing. He called down, "Get away while there's time!"

The hatch opened and the commander himself came out, with torn restraints and bleeding medical tubes dangling. He climbed face-down.

"Sir! The human, he's under the engines!"

The commander said, "I have a knife. Together, now."

"But we can't—"

"It's a human, Technician." He climbed so that Cleareye felt himself in a race to the ground.

The commander got there just after him but paused, knife in hand, glaring at the human. "You." Devin was on hands and knees, wheezing, his face red. The commander advanced saying, "Vice-Mayor Devin."

Cleareye stood straighter; he'd been cringing. The second-highest human in the world had come to them? "Sir, what if he's right?"

The commander shouted. "We'll survive! We're never going back to slavery!"

We're better than them, thought Cleareye.

Aren't we?

Then Cleareye found himself running across the concrete. His fur unwrapped to try to shed heat. The air blistered his feet and tore at his eyes. He was almost beneath the pre-ignition engines himself, spreading his arms. "Stop!"

"Technician, step away."

"We never kill, and we never abandon our own."

"Move!"

Cleareye swallowed. "No."

The air seared them and machines overhead rumbled. Cleareye shut his eyes.

The commander cursed and grabbed his radio. "Shut it down! Cancel!"

"We need you," Devin croaked. The engines sputtered and stopped blowing air.

Cleareye said, "You're crazy."

Devin grinned. "You too. Find the lasers and save your people. Or stay. The world needs your help."

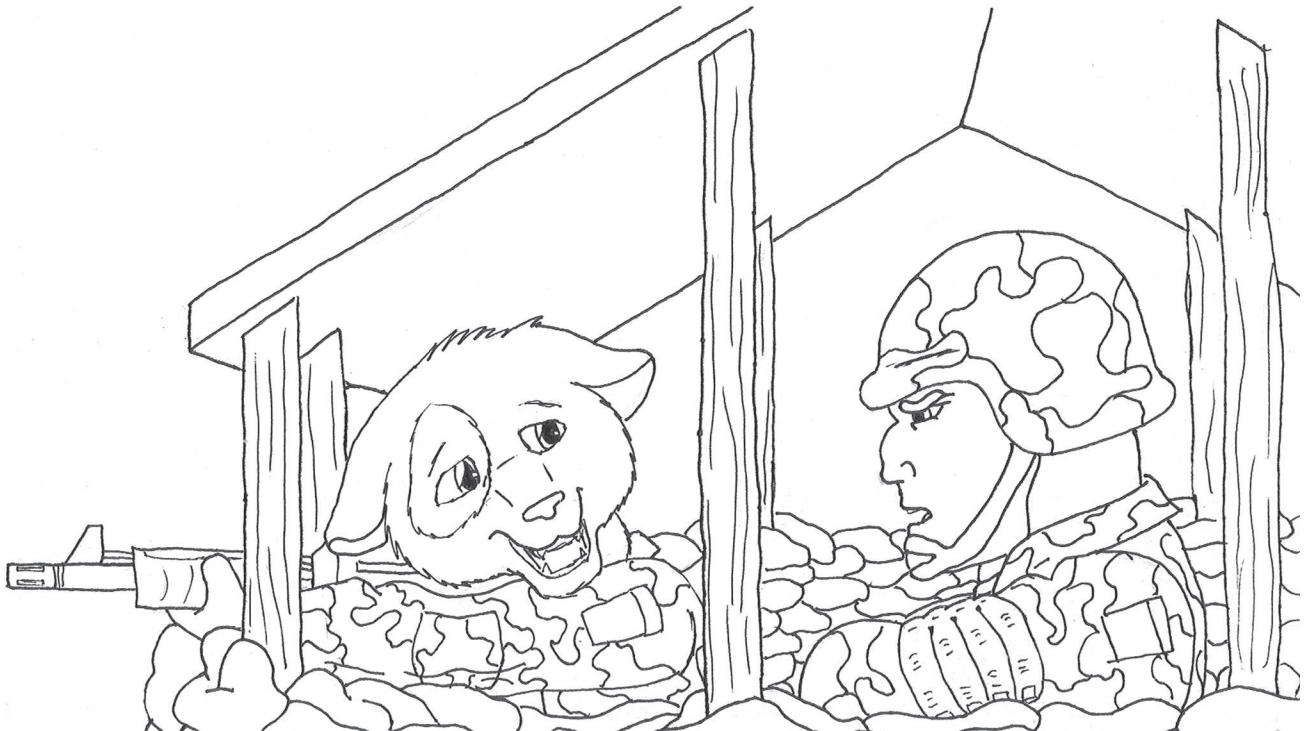
"I can't decide that," said Cleareye. The commander was swearing an explanation into his radio, and more people streamed from the hatch.

Devin said, "Then buy time. It's all you and I can do."

You're getting a bit **fluffy** there Soldier?
When's the last you've shaved?

Aw, but Sarge! We're in the field! The enemy has more hair on their face than I do.

This is not a Rogaine Convention, Soldier.



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My Hero

Alicia Goranson

The first time he saved me, I was crossing the street with my arms weighed down by groceries, while obsessing about a deadline at work. The bus dropped me off across from my apartment and I was on serious autopilot. I didn't see the truck barreling toward me until it was two bright wide eyes staring at me. I was exactly between them and I didn't know whether I should run ahead or back, or if it would make a difference. I'm sure I forgot which direction "ahead" was. The driver was trying to stop but every nerve in my body knew he wouldn't. I could feel the wind blasting around my horns. That was when Lionus Alabaster leapt off the curb and knocked me to the ground. We skidded together across the pavement, him on top of me, and the street ripped my arms raw. The spaghetti sauce in my bags broke and covered everything inside. The truck's tires shot by inches from my boots.

He asked me if I was all right when I stopped shaking. I said no, but I thanked him anyway.

He lived in the same building as me and had moved in recently. He offered to come with me to the hospital but I wasn't scraped too badly. I didn't want to trouble him any more and I was worried that Richard might see me with him. Alabaster helped me up to my rooms. He washed off the sauce from the groceries while I bandaged my arms and knees in the bathroom.

He asked me if I'd be all right by myself. He said he sold imported goods on eBay from home and could spare the time if I needed someone over. For a lion, he was very sweet. I said no, and he left without hesitation.

Of course, I didn't have to worry about Impalus Richard. He was waiting by the front steps when I came home the next day. I had taken a late bus because the pain medication made me woozy and I had missed my regular one. He asked me why I hadn't called him immediately after the accident. I told him, I didn't know. I hadn't even called my mother. I was worried about making arrangements at the tailors and not thinking about those two transfixing eyes like heaven descending on me. Richard and I were fighting a lot, then. I brought him into the building so the people passing by wouldn't have to see us.

He asked me if there was someone else in my life. He said I was lying, that my tufted tail always twitched when I did. I told him not to get his horns in a bunch. I was still shook up. I had almost died. This wasn't about him.

Lionus Alabaster saved me again. Alabaster poked his head out as Richard demanded that I take him back to my apartment. I said I didn't feel like it. I needed time to myself.

"You heard the doe," Alabaster said. He only had a pair of black jeans and a T-shirt but made Richard's power suit look like a bib. Alabaster narrowed his eyes at Richard and folded his paws over his chest.

Richard raised one of his finger-hooves at me. "We'll talk later." Then he left the building.

I couldn't thank Alabaster enough. He said not to mention it and retreated to his lair.

I know lots of furs who can't take compliments at all, for whom you have to do something nice. That Friday, I bought several pounds of buffalo meat, guaranteed non-sentient, and cooked up a special gift for him. I'm a vegetarian, of course, but I had a spare skillet for carnivorous company. I sprinkled rosemary on top and basted it in an onion sauce until it smelled especially potent. I brought it downstairs and knocked on his door. He was surprised to see me. His maw dropped when he saw the dish in my arms. He said he couldn't possibly accept it, even though I saw drool form on both sides of his mouth. I insisted and told him he could return the dish anytime. He thanked me and took it gingerly. He told me no one else had done such a favor for him. I said it was nothing compared to what he had done for me.

The next day, he saved my life again. I was napping and he banged on my door. I went to answer it. He was returning the dish I had lent him. Then, my gas stove exploded. The inspector later told me that it had a leak. The whole apartment was filled with gas. Alabaster pulled me to the carpet after it went off. The fireball burned away everything I owned. If I had still been on the couch, I would have been toasted.

I went to stay with a friend while the contractors made my apartment livable again. The insurance company covered everything. When I came back, Alabaster had moved out. His name was off his mailbox and his apartment was empty.

I saw a pile of boxes on the curb with "eBay" on the sides. I was curious and I poked my nose in one of the trash bags inside. I found a stack of photographs. All of me. There must have been at least a hundred of me leaving work, coming home, and wandering by my apartment's window. One of the contractors later told me that the investigators hadn't done a very good job. The explosion would have required a trigger to have gone off when it did. He showed me a scorch mark by the gas pipe which might have been it. I remembered that Alabaster had stayed in the kitchen when I first met him, while I cleaned up myself in the bathroom.

Then, I finally understood that Alabaster had saved me, one last time, from himself.



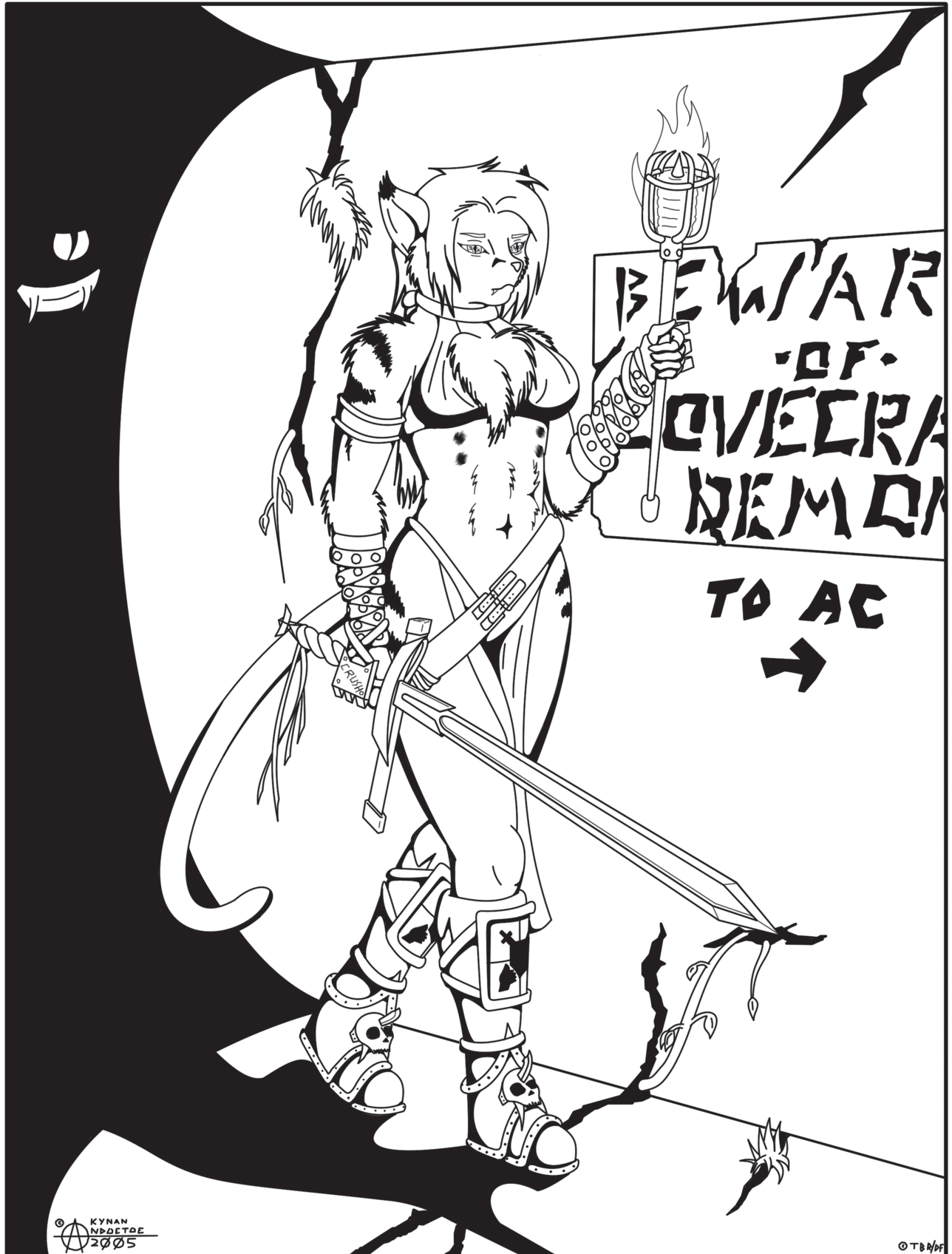
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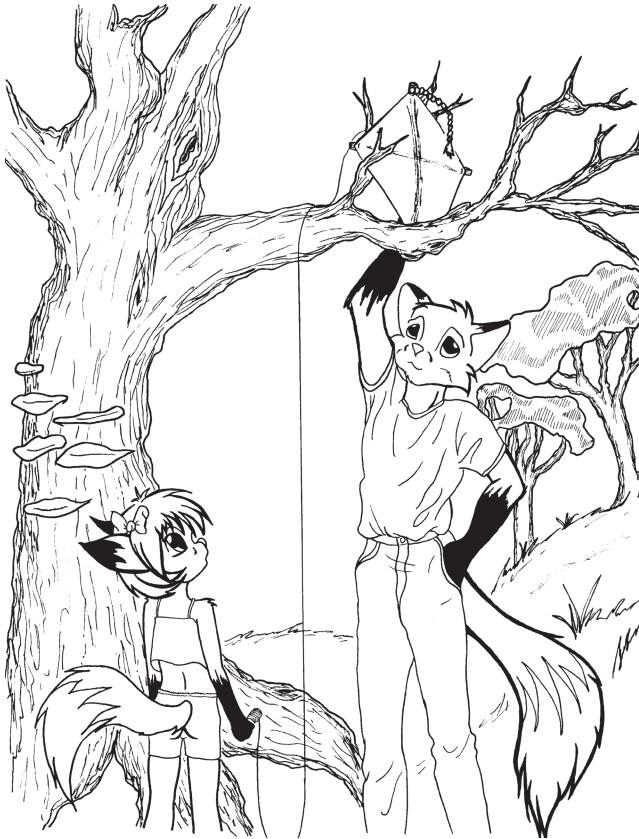
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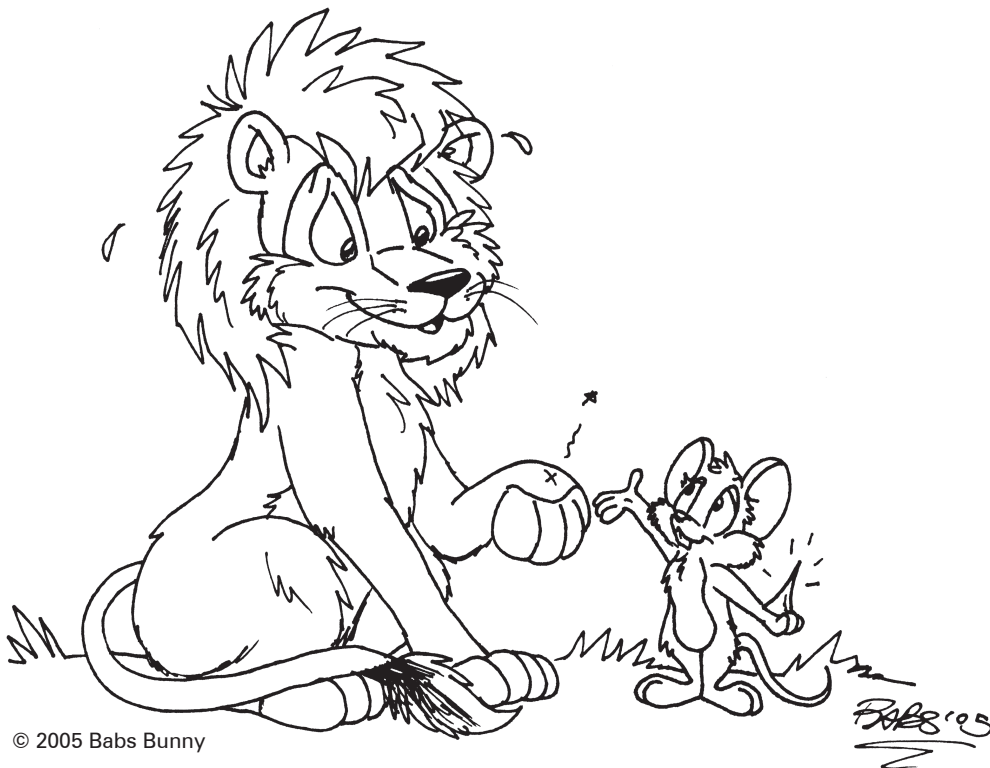


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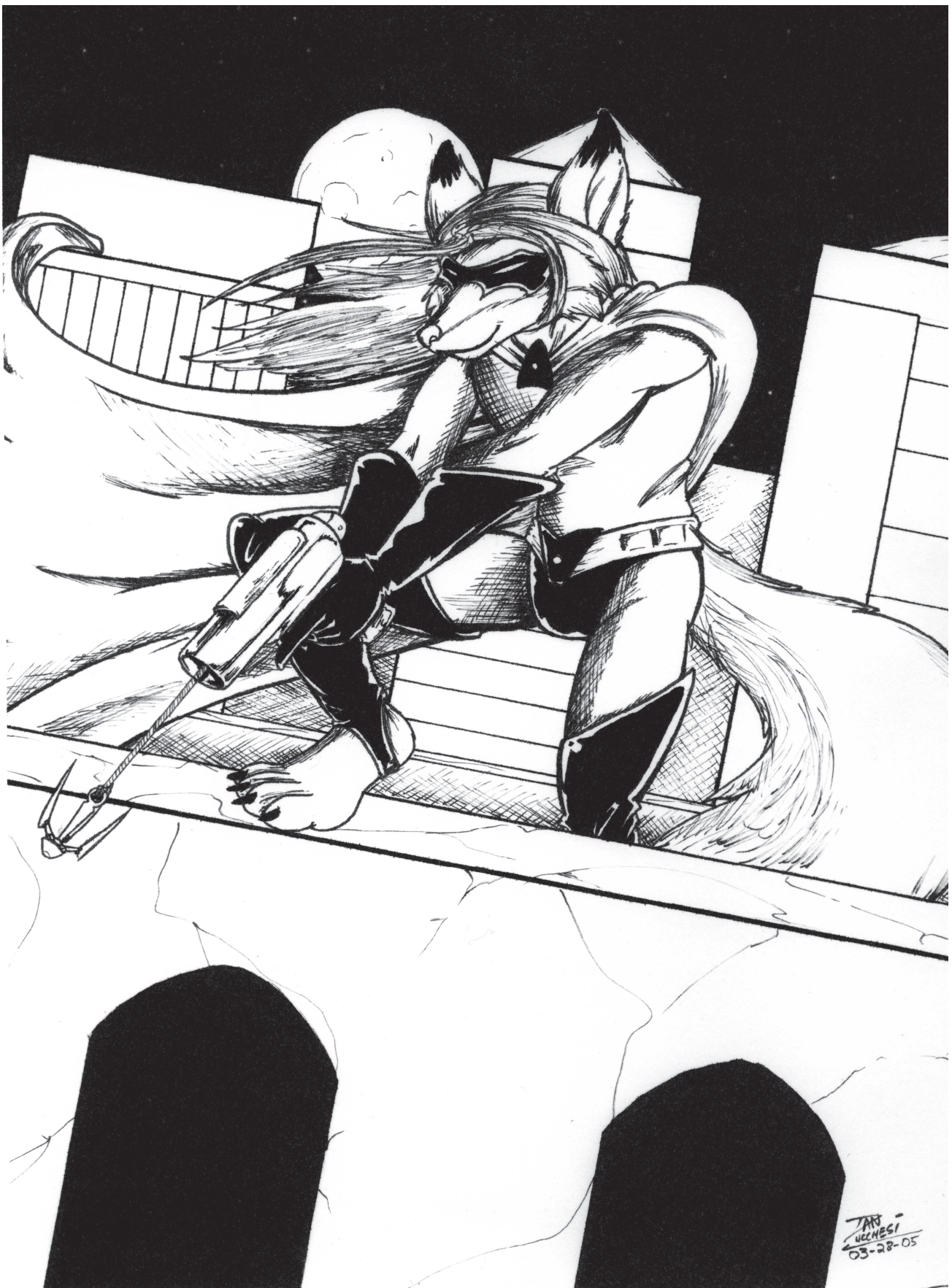
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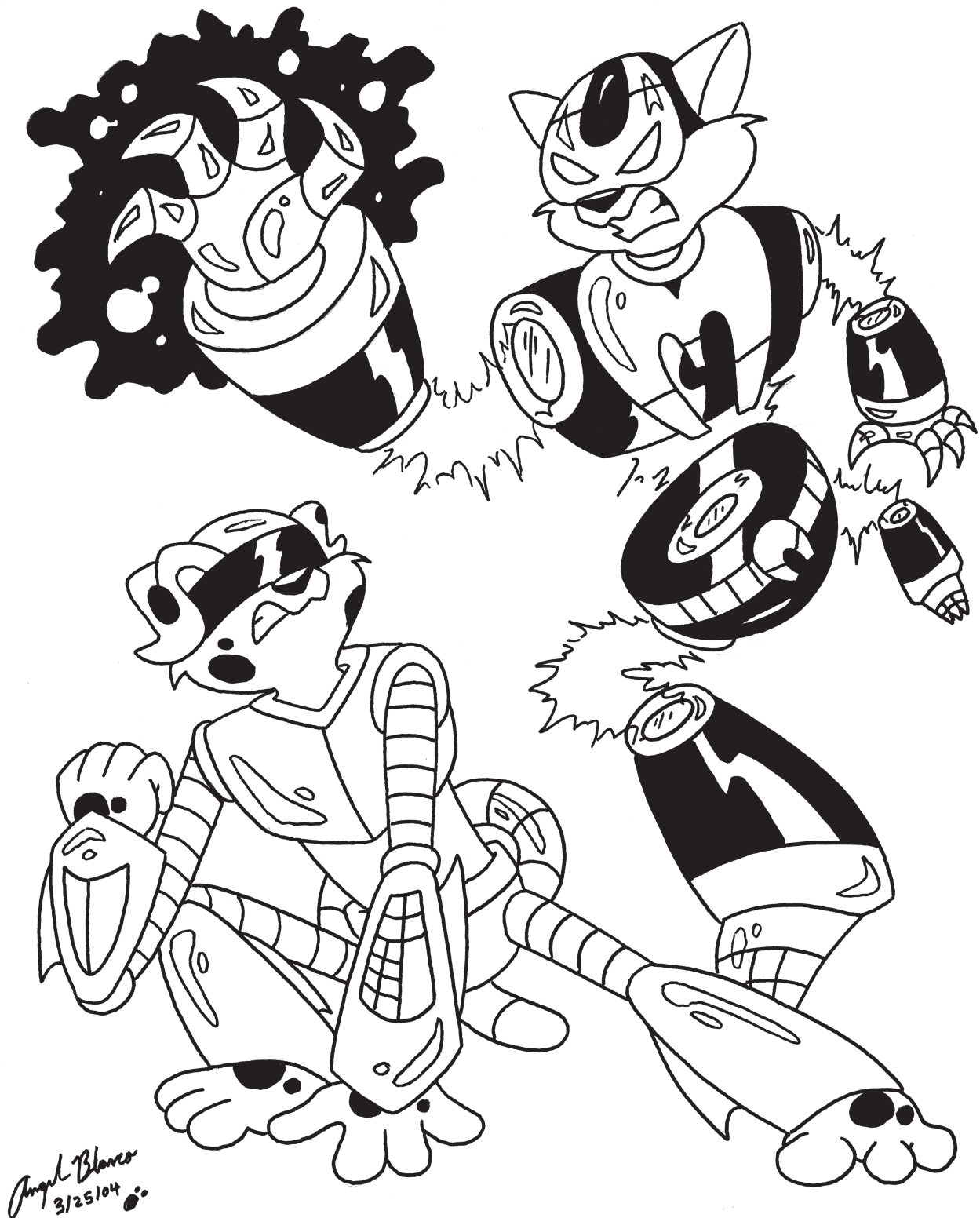
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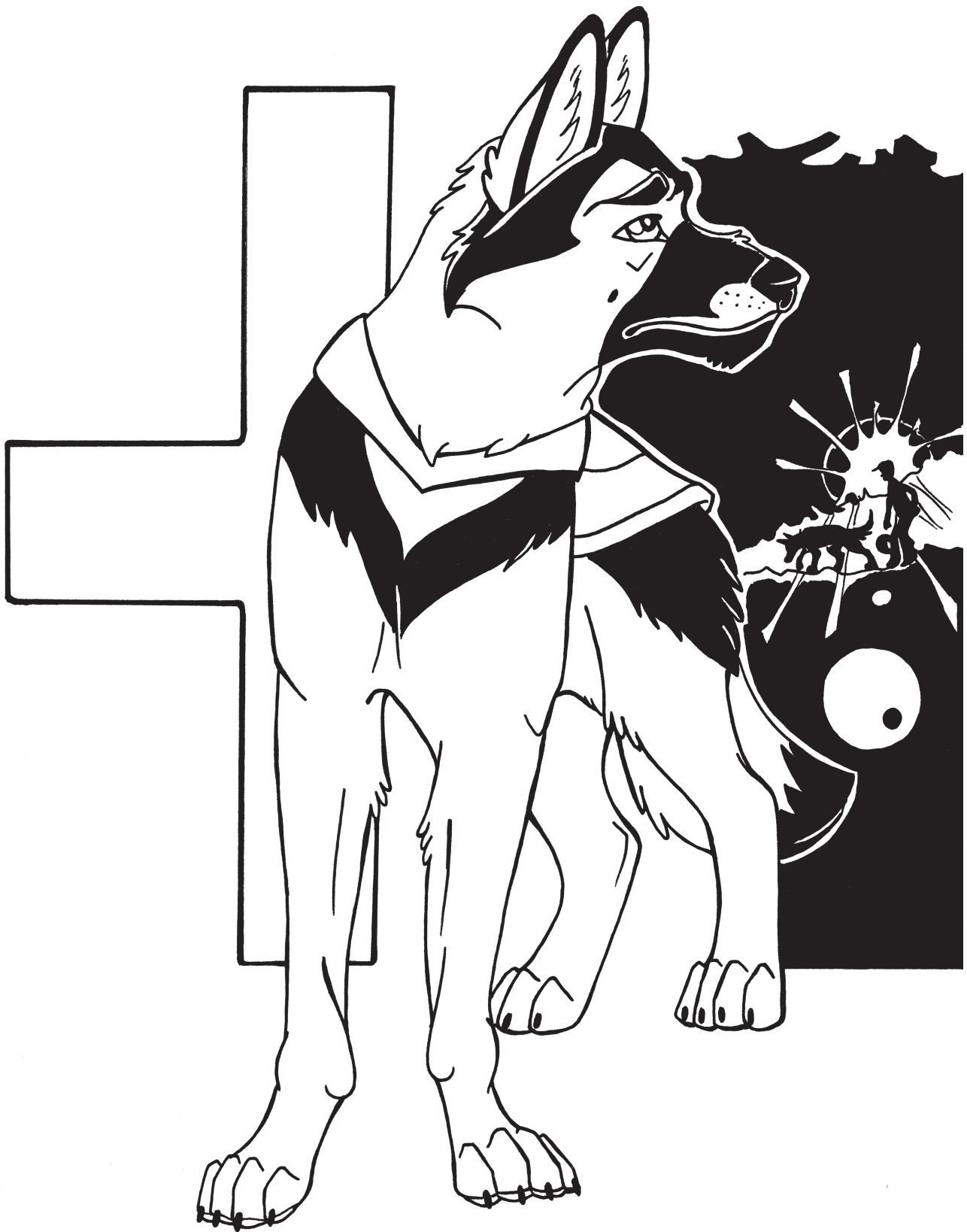
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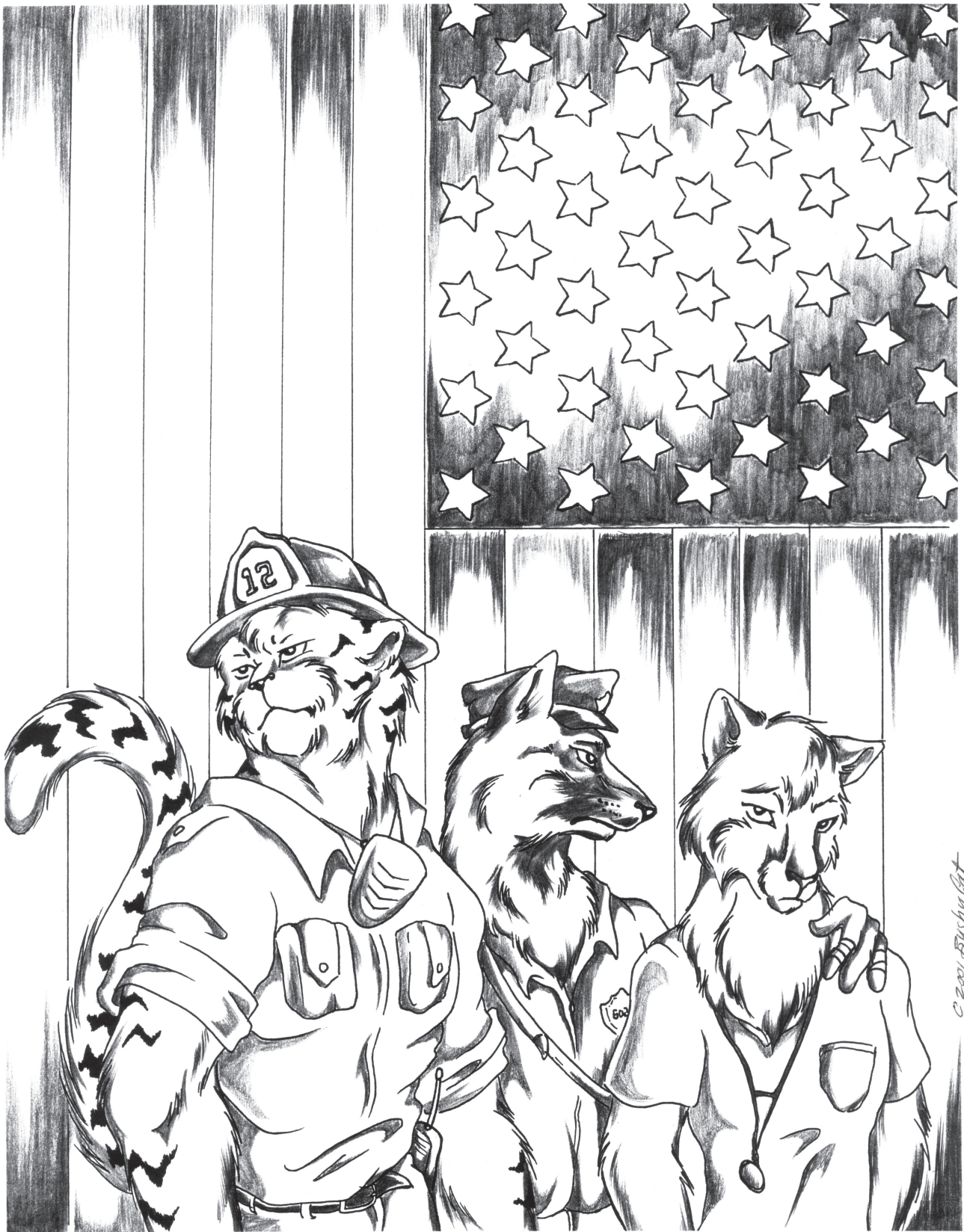
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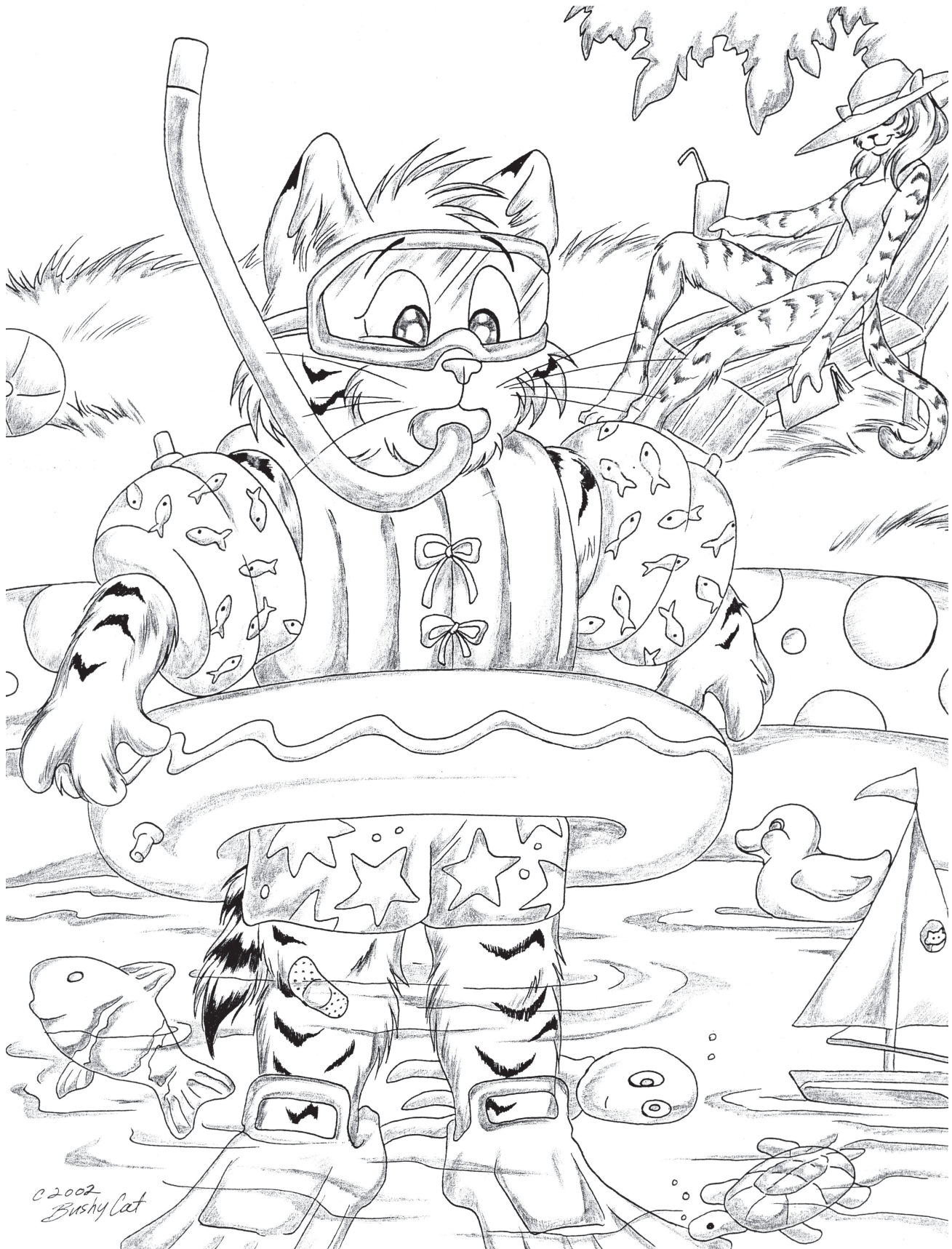
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Canis Major

Ashen Fox

There once was a saying on Kanys: "We see with unveiled eyes all that lies behind." The ruined and conquered remains of that world bear silent and bitter witness to its truth. Now there are only these four, Team Canis Major, Kanys's last hope. Allied with the United Interplanetary Republic, they aim to break the Maladons' hold on Kanys and half the populated planets in this quadrant.

"We are approaching station Ruath-Zed-7 now, Captain," Colonel Kye spoke into the transceiver pinned to his uniform shirt as the huge black octagonal object filled the main view-screen. The hair on his back stood up and his tail curled in apprehension. Ruath-Zed-7 was one of perhaps a dozen launch stations for drone ships of its size. Fully automated, the station was swarming like a hive with little drone ships flying in and out while maintenance 'bots crawled over the massive exterior, their welding arcs flashing like tiny lightning bolts in the dim starlight.

"Good," answered Captain Rukh in his thick Kolarian accent. "You have everything you need?"

"Yes, sir," the coyote replied.

"Be careful, Kye," said the raccoon captain. "*Bytaan* out." If all went well, the *Bytaan*, their mother-ship, would be waiting upon the runabout *Othrein*'s return.

Still struggling with the Republic's common language, Kye addressed his helmsman in his own. "Any sign they've detected us, Redd?"

Ladyredd's piercing gold eyes, perfectly set in her sharp foxy face, met his. "Negative, Colonel. We will be within sensor range in five *tiks*."

Kye grunted slightly and nodded. "Hold her steady." Turning to Kane, his science officer, he said, "Make calculations for fold-jump, then suit up and meet the rest of us in the airlock."

"Aye," he replied, touching his folded left ear in salute. His blunt muzzle was set resolutely as he did his job.

Kye found Norsaw and Do'ell, the other members of the strike team, already waiting in the airlock with their pressure suits on, except for the helmets. Big, burly Norsaw, who stood head and shoulders above any of the others, dwarfed the catlike little *wo-zom*, but Do'ell could still best the wolf in any competition, and he knew it. Coming from the planet Qwoi, Do'ell was a newcomer to the group, but a welcome addition. Seeing their commander, they stopped chatting to each other, turned, and touched their left ears. Returning the salute, Kye began to suit up.

"Colonel Kye," said Do'ell, "we were just talking about what we might do on our starbase leave after this mission."

"I see," he replied.

"Myself, I was glad to get my mind off this mission for a bit," said Norsaw. "Frankly, I don't like the odds."

"We all know the odds, Norsaw," Kye replied. "The trick is to concentrate on your part of the mission. Your demolition skills are crucial. Plus," he added with a grin, "we have Do'ell with us, which I'd say squares the odds quite a bit." The Maladons have feared Do'ell's people ever since

they successfully expelled the enemy from Qwoi's sector of space.

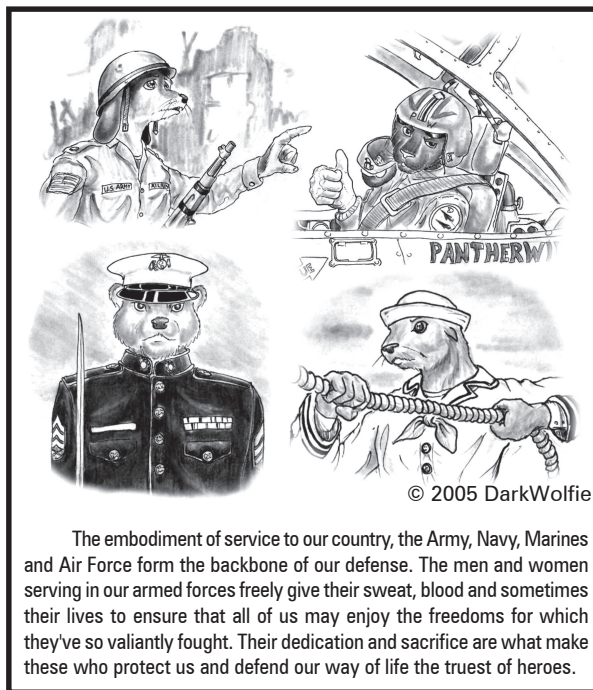
"You're too kind, Colonel Kye," Do'ell replied, her long tail twitching modestly.

Barely a few heartbeats later, the four stood in the airlock in their pressure suits. They dared not dock with the station, so they had to "fold-jump," that is, travel along a tesseract, to get there. Though the *Othrein* was invisible to the untrained eye and emitted no heat signature, Ladyredd was to return her to a position out of weapons range until the team was finished—one way or the other.

"Is everyone ready?" the colonel prompted.

"Aye!" all replied with a smart salute.

"For Kanys and for the Republic," he called out. "Canis Major!"



HEROES

"Canis Major!" they called back.

In less time than it takes to tell, they were aboard station Ruath-Zed-7 and headed in separate directions. The interior of the station was filled with an inert gas, making the causeway seem faintly misty. Do'ell went with Kane to find the central computer, while Norsaw went with Kye to find the main reactor. The lack of noise inside the station was unnerving.

"These fully-automated stations give me the creeps," said Norsaw, probably to break the silence.

"No kidding," the colonel replied. "Turn to the right here..." They started as a service 'bot scurried by. "It's a good thing these robots aren't programmed to recognize us! According to my scanner, we're about 50 *marqs* from the main reactor."

The corridor lights dimmed and went out. "Looks like they've got the power rerouted already," Kye commented. The two turned their lamps on and continued.

Reaching the reactor door, they found the controls inactive, so they turned the handle and forced the door. Once inside, they opened the pack of explosives and began looking around for places to put them.

Suddenly, the colonel was hailed by Kane. "Colonel, we have a small problem. We've sent the 'return' command to the drone ships, but the only way we could reroute the power was through a maintenance routine. You have six *tiks* before the system override takes effect."

"Acknowledged," said Kye.

They had barely gotten the explosives set when the lights flickered back on and the door slammed shut. The controls were unresponsive. "We don't have time for this," said the colonel, drawing his weapon and shooting them out. Red lights began flashing all over. Norsaw and Kye looked at each other and said, "Let's move!"

They met Kane and Do'ell at the rendezvous point. The station was on full alert, security 'bots were closing in, and maintenance 'bots were swarming to isolate the reactor from the rest of the station.

"Kye to *Othrein*...come in, Redd," shouted Kye.

"I read you, Colonel," said Ladyredd's welcome voice.

"Let's get out of here."

"Sending coordinates for fold-jump," said Kane.

The red optics of a brigade of sentries stared coldly at them. A breath later, they were back on board the *Othrein*.

As the white-hot fire bloomed and decayed, another blow was struck for freedom.



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A Child's Hero

LionkingCMSL

When one has been a volunteer Emergency Services fur, for any length of time, one gets a sixth sense of when one will be needed. The same was true of the lion EMT who was sleeping soundly in his bed.

His right ear swiveled towards where his fire pager was located next to his bed. Consciousness filtered back and he thought, "Ok, why am I up?" Just after he completed the thought his pager sounded. "Damn. I hope it's nothing too big," the lion said aloud as he sat upright.

"Squad twenty two three. Rescue twenty two one. ...," the dispatcher started, but the lion didn't even pay attention to the rest, other than the phrase, "...a structure..." as he was out of bed and getting dressed as fast as possible.

He was out of the door and in his car heading towards the firehouse when he first looked at the time. It was three o'clock in the morning. Early morning is not a good time for a structure fire, especially a house. There is never really a good time for any type of fire.

He arrived at the firehouse while the doors were just finishing opening. Being he was the first of the squad members there, he contacted the dispatcher and found out that, indeed, it was a house fire.

He got back to the squad and told the other members, who had arrived while he was talking to the dispatcher, what they had. The only good news was that everyone seemed to have gotten out without injury.

The squad raced through the night, trailing after the fire trucks. They only used the siren when it was required, no need to wake everyone else up, and proceeded to arrive at a fully engulfed second floor of a house. The family of foxes was standing outside of the house looking at the fire, aghast. There was their life going up in smoke and flames.

The firefighters did a quick survey and found that everyone had indeed made it to safety, including their pets. They then turned their attention to fighting the fire and made quick work of it, though most of the second floor was a total loss.

Throughout it all the lion kept his eyes and ears open to the sights and sounds of the fire scene. He was mostly concerned about a young fox kit that couldn't be more than four. She seemed to be more agitated than would be normal.

He walked up to her and squatted down, so he would be at her level. "Hi. What's your name?" he asked.

"C-c-cindy," she said nervously.

"You upset about your house burning down?"

"Y-y-yes, b-b-but..."

"Well, your family is safe."

"But Sue is still inside!"

He put his paws on her shoulders and said, "She is? Where is she? What does she look like?" he asked with a lot of concern. This was not good he thought. He had heard everyone had gotten out.

"She was in the living room on the couch," the kit said through sniffles, as she was ready to cry.

At this point her mother bent down and said in a soothing voice, "Now Cindy, don't bother the nice lion with that."

The lion looked up sharply at the vixen and said, with a note of alarm in his voice, "Ma'am if there is still someone inside, I need to know. Who is this Sue and why wasn't anyone else told about her?"

The vixen got a wan smile and softly said, "Sir, I can assure you that there is no one inside the house."

"But ...," the lion started

"Sir, Sue is Cindy's doll. She's had it since her whelping. It was a gift from her late grandmother."

"Ahh. I see," the lion said with understanding dawning. Turning back to the kit, who was in tears, the lion continued, "Cindy, I can't promise anything, but I'll see what I can do about getting Sue out of there."

"T-t-thank y-y-you."

As the lion stood up the vixen said, "You don't have to do that."

He looked at her and said, "Ma'am, it's the least I can do to make her feel a bit better."

With that he turned and walked towards where the fire chief was standing.

The chief looked in the lion's direction and said, "What's up?"

"I need a small favor from one of the crew inside."

"And that is?"

"See that kit over there?" the lion said while pointing towards Cindy. The raccoon nodded. "Well she left Sue, a doll, on the living room couch. It would make her feel better if she knew that Sue was okay."

"I can't promise anything, but I'll have one of the guys take a quick look." With that the chief picked up his mic and started speaking into it.

"Thanks." With that the lion turned towards the kit and gave a thumbs-up sign.

After a couple of minutes the chief called the lion over. As he walked towards the 'coon he saw a firefighter walking out of the house.

"Yes?"

"Well Charlie, here," the chief said as the firefighter walked over and pulled out something from

HEROES

under his bunker coat, "found this on the couch. She's a bit smoky, but otherwise ok."

"Thanks," the lion said with a smile. "I sure hope she's Sue."

The lion walked back towards the kit, keeping the doll out of her sight. When he reached her, he again squatted down and said, "Cindy, I think someone wants to say hello."

"W-w-who?"

"I believe you know her," the lion said as he pulled the doll out from behind him. "She's a bit smoky, but she's okay."

"Sue!" the kit exclaimed. "I'm so glad you're ok!" She grabbed the doll and started hugging it. Cindy stopped, looked at the lion and said, "Thank you mister ambulance lion." She then hugged the lion with all of her might.

"You're welcome. Now make sure Sue stays

safe."

"Oh, I will. I promise!" With that the kit released him and the lion stood up.

Cindy's mother had tears in her eyes, and the lion noticed. "Anything wrong ma'am?"

"No. I'm just so thankful to you and the firefurs. Cindy was so worried that Sue was lost forever."

"No problem ma'am. We try to help everyone. Even the littlest ones," he said comfortingly.

"Again, thank you."

"You're welcome," he said as he walked away.

After the fire was put out, and the ambulance was pulling away, the lion looked back towards the fire scene and saw a little fox kit waving goodbye. The lion waved goodbye back. He was glad that neighbors were there to help the family and he was especially glad that he could help a young kit survive the night with a little peace of mind.

"Here... try mine."



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The Freeze

Dave "Lonewolf" Savitsky

On top of a high-rise, a black wolf knelt on one knee panting for breath. The fur on one side of his head was covered in a thin layer of frost and his white lab coat hung off his back, holes torn in several places and flapping in the wind.

Ten feet away stood a lynx dressed in a light blue wetsuit-style outfit with a white cape flowing around his body. Only the lynx's paws and head were uncovered by the suit and they looked as though they were carved out of clear, solid ice; save his eyes, which glowed the same light blue of his clothing.

Below the two, life in Century City bustled along at its usual frantic pace, completely unaware of the drama unfolding above their heads. In the background, the sun sank slowly into the horizon casting a golden-orange hue across the sky.

"So it's come to this, has it?" the wolf said. "I thought The Freeze fought for justice, but now you corner me on top of a building and start using your ice powers on me? What's just about that?"

"It's my justice, Dr. Nogood," the lynx answered, "and if you don't like it, that's fine. Pretty soon the only justice you'll have to worry about is the court's. They're coming to get you as we speak, and there's nothing you can do about it."

"Is that so? What a shame. I had such a nice evening planned," Dr. Nogood said, a sneer on his muzzle as well as in voice. "I was going to go visit a friend and his family for the evening. Spend some time with them."

"Well your friend is just going to have to visit you in jail, instead."

"Oh, well then, would you be so kind as to let him know for me since I'm not going to be able to do so myself? I think you might know him. His name is Timokha Koslov."

The lynx's eyes widened for a moment and then narrowed into slits, his lips curled back into a snarl.

The wolf's sneer turned into an acidic smile. "I see you do know him. I wonder where from. Oh, that's

right. It's you, isn't it?"

"You coward," the lynx growled.

"Come, come. Name calling isn't necessary, is it? After all, we're on a first name basis now. No more 'The Freeze,'" the wolf spat as he said the name. "You're just Timokha now. Or maybe you prefer Timmy?"

The Freeze's paws clenched into fists, his whole body shaking with rage. "How did y—"

"How did I find out? Well, it was rather simple, Timmy."

"Stop calling me that!"

"Calling you what?" Dr. Nogood said, raising his voice. "Timmy?"

"Shut up!" yelled The Freeze, a ball of ice forming in his paws.

Again the wolf raised his voice. "You don't like being called *Timmy*?"

With a fierce growl The Freeze hurled the ball of ice in his paws at Dr. Nogood. The wolf rolled out of the way at the last moment, up onto his feet at the edge of the rooftop.

"It's been fun, but I believe that's enough for today, Timmy," he said. "I'll be seeing you again soon."

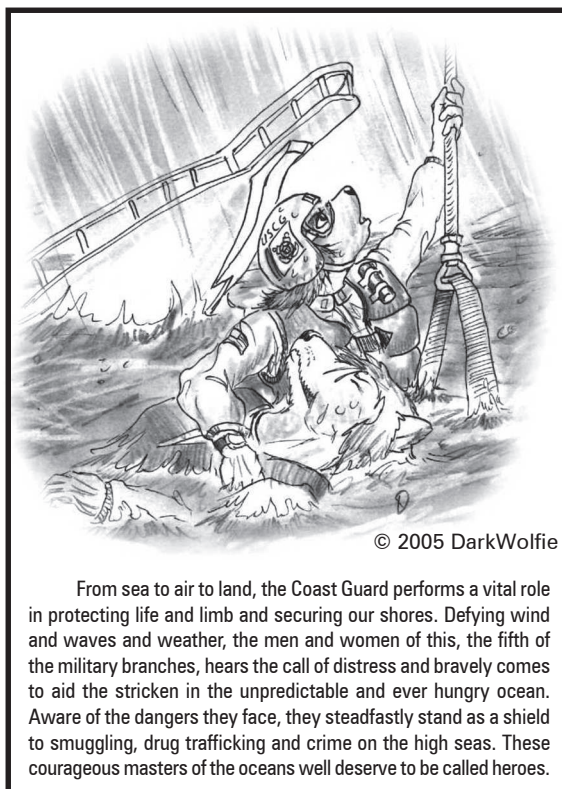
With that, a pair of hang-glider wings unfolded from under his lab coat just before he leaped off the building. The Freeze ran to

the edge and stood, watching helplessly as his nemesis flew away across the city shouting behind him "Tim-my! Tim-my! Tim-my!"

#####

"Timmy!" came the shouting again. "Timmy, it's time for dinner!"

The bedroom door opened and a middle-aged Siberian lynx poked her head in to find her six-year-old son standing with one foot on the footboard of his bed, looking over the edge like the four feet from his eyes to the floor was a thirty story drop. He was dressed in light blue pajamas with white snowflake patterns on them and a white sheet tied around his



From sea to air to land, the Coast Guard performs a vital role in protecting life and limb and securing our shores. Defying wind and waves and weather, the men and women of this, the fifth of the military branches, hears the call of distress and bravely comes to aid the stricken in the unpredictable and ever hungry ocean. Aware of the dangers they face, they steadfastly stand as a shield to smuggling, drug trafficking and crime on the high seas. These courageous masters of the oceans well deserve to be called heroes.

HEROES

neck like a cape.

"Timmy, dear. It's six o'clock in the evening. You need to get dressed and come down to the dinner table. Your father is waiting."

The young lynx looked up at his mother, an utterly defeated expression on his face. "Ok, mom," he said, almost in a whine. "I'll be right down."

"And take that sheet off. I don't know how many times I've told you to stop tying that around your neck. One of these days it's going to catch on something and you're going to choke yourself to death."

"Ok, mom," Timmy repeated in the exact same tone. His mom rolled her eyes skyward and shook her head.

"Oi Yeyko," she sighed as she closed the bedroom door, muttering to herself in Russian all the way down the hall.

#####

Back on the rooftop in downtown Century City, The Freeze stood looking at the maze of streets and buildings below.

"You may have gotten away this time, Dr. Nogood," he said, eyes narrowed. "But you'd better watch your back, because I'm hunting for you. You will be brought to justice. No one escapes The Freeze."



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Healing Those That Seek My Help

Brett Linbo-Terhaar

Wilhemena watched out the train window as the rolling hills lumbered past. The open space bothered her, increasing her desire to get back to the Great City of Dallas, or even the City of Omaha. However, after a week and a half on trains, she wasn't going to turn back now.

This was the first time she'd been out of Dallas for more than a couple of days since her aunt had taken her in nearly fifteen years prior. From everything she'd seen since, she felt that she, like most prairie dogs, was happiest amongst the din and chaos of a Great City where folks were packed practically on top of one another. Of course that was what made what she'd spent the last fifteen years working on so important.

Now that her work had been fruitful, Wilhemena felt the need to visit her parents.

She'd been almost fifteen when they'd left her with her aunt and headed into the Northlands, just as Wilhemena was now. Six months after her parents had left, news came that the Northern Frontier had been closed. A declaration of martial law soon followed.

Wilhemena understood why martial law had been declared. Her parents had told her to expect it when they'd left. They'd explained more than she wanted to know at that time, yet she'd found herself desiring to know even more as she got older. They'd told her of the telegraph that had come through, stating that a train passenger coming over the divide had died with symptoms of what appeared to be the black plague. The plague required no explanation. Every prairiedog pup learned about it after the entire population of the Great Cities in the east had been nearly wiped out. That had been half a century prior, and trade nearly came to a standstill. The mid-continent cities and towns had remained unaffected; closing off all contact with the east. Her parents explained that the threat was now coming from the west. Both doctors in public health, Wilhemena's parents had volunteered to go north to evaluate the situation, provide care for any affected, and report back to the government. They'd explained that they might not return, but that this was something that they felt morally obligated to do.

Wilhemena hadn't fully understood, but promised to take care of herself in their absence. To take Willy's (as her aunt called her) mind off her parents' departure, Willy's aunt had enrolled her in the most challenging school in Dallas. The

difficult work had accomplished its task; Wilhemena's own talents mirrored her parents' aptitude for the life sciences.

The coming of the plague to the Northlands spurred funding for new research and Willy was swept up into the field. Joint discoveries were made: the plague was caused by a bacterium and there were molds that acted as antibiotic agents. This spurred the research community on. While others focused on isolating what portion of mold acted as the agent of the bacterium's demise, Willy spent her time working to grow as much mold as possible. Ten years later, the team was able to mass-produce penicillin for distribution.

Two years earlier, the government had begun sending missions back into the Northlands, always supplying them with a stock of the new antibiotics. After one of these missions, Willy had received word that her parents were in Laramie. Once the Northlands finally opened and the production of the penicillin was running smoothly, Wilhemena started her journey.



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HEROES

"Next stop, Laramie! All departing at Laramie gather your belongings!" the conductor called as he walked through the swaying train car.

Willy picked up her small bag and hat as the train pulled into the rickety station. She made her way with the few other disembarking passengers out into the warm sunshine, quickly putting on her hat to avoid getting any of the soot and cinders from the engine on her fur. A porter brought her bags over and waited for further instructions. It bothered Wilhemena that all the porters were black-tailed in the Northlands, but that issue was for another time, she decided. She tipped the gentleman, asking that her luggage be delivered to the one hotel still operating in town. Laramie had been a boomtown at one point, but now, most buildings were empty. This ate at her as she walked the few blocks to the hotel. She signed in, paying for the single night she was to stay. Since it was noon, she asked to be seated for dinner, noting that supper was served at seven. That, she decided, was enough time for what she needed to do.

After her meal, she stopped at the desk, arranging for a buggy and driver for the afternoon. She then retired to her room to change. She put on her Sunday

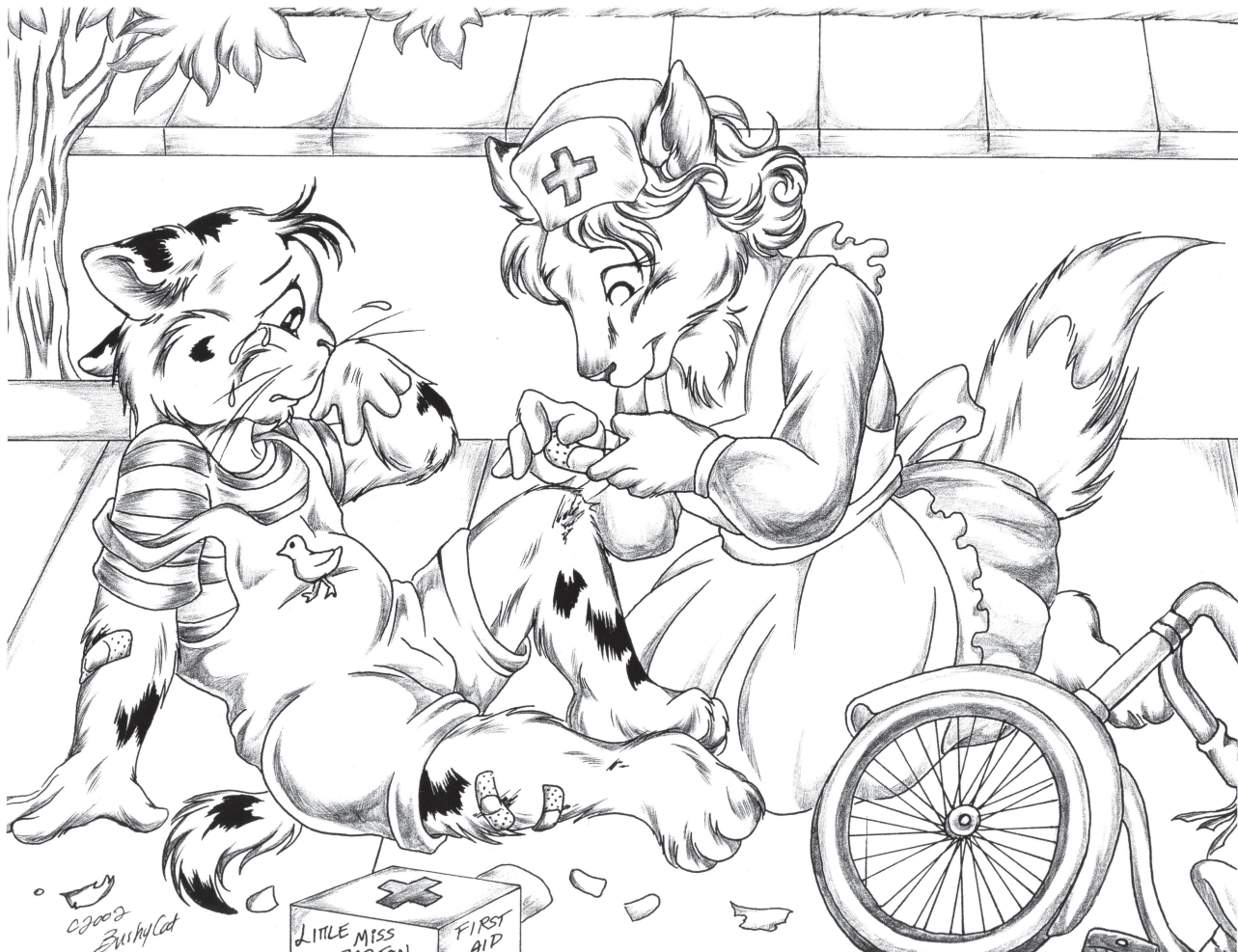
suit and looked at herself in the mirror. Her father's dark eyes stared back above her mother's lightly grey muzzle. "Definitely their daughter," she said to the empty room.

She descended the stairs and the porter from the railway was waiting. "He must work for the hotel," she thought as he asked her where she wanted to go. He started at her words but responded with a quick, "yes, ma'am", then helped her into the back of the simple buggy. A flip of the reins and they rolled through the mostly deserted streets toward the edge of town.

They stopped before the large iron gates and stepped down. "Please wait here," she instructed the porter and pushed through the gates. She walked among the thousands of headstones until she came to a small square monument. Cut roughly into its face were the words, "Doctors Anna and Raymond Moyer: Gave their lives that others would not suffer."

Wilhemena took a small vial of white powder from her pocket and placed it on the tomb.

"Mom. Dad. I brought this for you. I'm sorry I'm late. Let me tell you what I've been doing..."



© 2005 BushyCat

Michael's Hero

White_Wer

Everyone was quietly sitting at their desks. The teacher smiled, "That was good Susan. Michael, would you please come to the front of the class and read your report please." Watching as the young feline stepped up, she smiled and wondered who his hero was going to be.

Michael quietly walked to the front of the class carrying his report; the plastic-bound paper was clutched close to his chest. His eyes gazed quietly over his fellow classmates as he prepared to deliver his report, the subject they had been given was who was their hero and why. Clearing his throat, Michael took a deep breath.

"My hero... by Michael DeLion. When we were given this report, I thought about a lot of different people that could be my hero, I finally decided on the most important hero in my life, my mom." He sighed quietly hearing a few people snickering in the back of the room; avoiding their eyes, he continued.

"My mother is my hero, I know a lot of people would disagree. But it makes a lot of sense when you think about it. She is the one who scares the monsters under your bed away when you're little. She picks you up when you sprain your ankle, the one who makes your lunch every day. There was a lot I had to consider when I chose my hero, like why did I consider them that, what did they do to deserve to be called a hero and that kinda' stuff..."

Michael took a moment, looking around the classroom, seeing what the reactions of his friends and other students were. There were a few people who were just looking at him, a bit interested; some of the other students were staring at the ceiling not really caring either way. He continued,

"Well the reason I chose my mom, she's the most important person in my life. After my dad died, she was there when I needed someone to talk to... Someone who could comfort me when I was crying, she told me everything was going to be okay and it has been." He quietly sighed a bit, wiping a tear away from his eye. He continued on.

"She is the person that you look to when you're not sure on something, your best friend when something goes wrong. When you need help with your homework, who do you usually ask? Your mom, right?

If she weren't there, what would you do when you get a cut or something? I thought 'bout this from the moment we got the report. Yah, fireman and astronauts are really cool, but my mom has been there for me. I can look up to her and know she will always be there for me. I love her with all my heart and know she'll love me no matter what happens. I don't know bout anyone else in class. But the person that I see as my hero is my mom, the other people are really cool, but when it comes down to it, I don't want anyone else for my hero."

Pausing a moment, "And that's who I consider my hero, the person I look up to the most..." He was watching to see if anyone else was going to laugh at him. Ears folding back when he saw a few people clapping, everyone was paying attention to him. He blushed and quickly walked back to his desk, the teacher's words ringing in his ears to this day: "Not all heroes are the ones you see in the movies or papers... sometimes they are sitting beside you at home helping you with your homework, or just playing catch with you in the backyard."



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Fighting Pride

Charles R. deCharleroy

A typical night it was in the Leyjonan tavern, "The Tail's End" by name. The young warriors of the leonine people gathered together to revel in their feats of strength and skill in fighter drills, as well as to retell the old stories of the great hero of the Xone War, Lord Alondro Feleonax, whose might was the stuff of legends and whose triumph over the evil entities which had invaded their world long ago made up quite a good section of the history texts in the school computer files.

About a table in the middle of the room, whilst robotic servers buzzed from table to table like bees flitting about flowers, a group of the as yet short-haired youngsters bemoaned loudly the lack of any fighting in the past three generations by which to prove their mettle.

An old lion sitting quietly at a corner table to one side of the entrance listened to the young lions. His mane was nearly all white and thinned to sparse strands, and his body sported a number of artificial parts, yet his one natural eye was bright and revealed a sharp mind beneath the tattered exterior of his body. He placed an elbow on a robotic leg and leaned forward to take in the chatter.

"I should be fighting battles!" one of the youngsters snarled after draining his drink in a single gulp. "Instead it's just one 'bout of training and contests after another! Meaningless games, that's all it is. Lord Alondro, the greatest fighter of all time, he'd understand!"

Another belched and motioned for the server robot to refill his cup. "Hey, I know the feeling all too well. There hasn't been a war since the big one a century ago. And from the recordings I've seen in the hall of records, it was an incredible fight! Not that there're too many actual records left from that time."

A rough paw suddenly rested on the young lion's shoulder. With a start, he whipped around to see the elderly leonine who had approached them with unusual stealth, leaning on an oddly shaped metal staff. He was smiling at them as a father does to a silly child, with a sad sort of consternation.

"What, old cat?" the one grumbled. "Too loud

for you?"

The elder shook his head, "I've heard far greater noise in my time. Shouts, screams, explosions, the shrill screech of energy weapons slicing through the air. I fought in the war you speak so fondly of. I saw it all, from beginning to end."

"Then you know how exciting it was and how boring everything is now," the young lion smirked.

"There was nothing exciting about seeing my friends killed. Two fell at my side protecting me when I led an attack against a Xone-controlled factory," the old lion said softly. He sighed, "So much of our world was destroyed. The scars are left even today." He held up his mechanical arm, reminiscing. "We fought because we had to, or everything else would have

fallen. The enemy could not be reasoned with, the Xone wanted to kill us. Nothing more was behind their attacks than to destroy all life on our planet."

He turned and walked towards the exit, the other patrons whispering reverently as they saw him; some of the elder lions bowed as he passed by. Before exiting, he looked back at the group of young warriors, "Fight evil when it threatens, protect the innocent from the dominion of monsters, but never start war for the sake of war. There is nothing

heroic about fighting. Enjoy your games and contests. You'll lose no one in them. My generation lost many loves to give yours peace."

And then he was gone.

The conversations began again, though hushed and solemn now. An older lioness from across the room crept up to the young lion the old one had spoken to. "What did he say to you?" she asked softly.

The youngster shrugged, "Nothing much. Did you know the old cat?"

The lioness glared, "Show some respect for the greatest hero of our world! Do you not know that the one who spoke to you was Lord Alondro himself?" She stalked off back to her table, tail lashing angrily as the now silent youngsters gazed in awe at the empty doorway.

True heroes know the price of true heroism.



When a Wolf Gives His Heart, He Gives His Life

Christopher Buska

At first glance, one would think that Singe earned his nickname by the appearance of his fur. It was predominantly white but the tip of each hair was a smoky grey, giving Singe the appearance that his fur had been burnt. He was well built and quite a handsome individual, his eyes a deep blue with that piercing look all wolves seem to have.

Those who were close to him, however, know the true reason why he had taken on the name of Singe. Back when he was still just a pup, only a few months into his life, a devastating fire had destroyed his family's home. Singe would not have made it out had it not been for the heroics of a firefighter... a firefighter who later died from the injuries sustained rescuing Singe. When Singe grew older his parents finally told him what had happened. It was then that he took on the name of Singe, a symbol that his life was still his own at the sacrifice of another. It was also then that he gave his heart to helping out the community.

Singe went on to become a successful player in today's business world. But he had never given up his promise to help others. He spent time every week volunteering at the local firehouse. Those who didn't know him well could only imagine why such a successful individual would put his life at risk as a firefighter. He was very brave, usually the first one in and the last one out of a fire. One day, however, his bravery cost him dearly.

It had been a day just like every other day for Singe. After sitting in the office all day the wolf headed home, grabbed a quick dinner, and then went over to the firehouse. He greeted the familiar furs of the station with a dashing smile as he entered and then went to running inspections on the various pieces of equipment.

About an hour into the evening, one of the other firefighters burst into the main room and started bellowing, "All right guys, we've got a big one at a local house, let's go!" Singe was already up and running to the lockers as the other fur was corralling everyone else. After dressing, he bounded out to the

garage, starting each of the trucks their company owned. A few moments later everyone else was ready to go and the trucks sped out of the garage, sirens blaring and lights flashing.

When they arrived at the scene they were met by what looked more like a massive fireball than a house. All the firefighters immediately began

attending to their duties, the fire hoses set up and attacking the flames with water in a matter of minutes. Everything was going as planned, the massive, raging flames quickly being tamed.

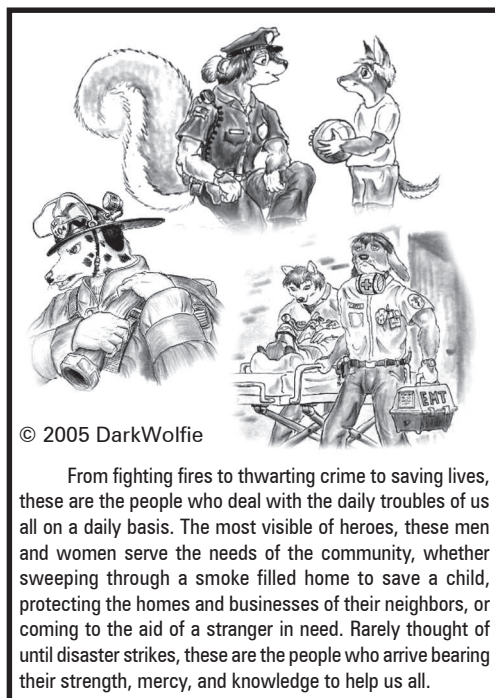
It was about this time that one of the dwellers of the house began to regain consciousness. The lioness had been rescued by the police officers who first arrived on the scene, before the fire had gotten out of control. The smoke had overwhelmed her and medics had been attending to her away from the scene. She suddenly began to call out for her baby. A baby no one on the scene had known was in the house. Singe, his ears as sharp as ever, approached the lioness and gazed intently into her

eyes, his confident gaze seeming to calm her down on its own. "Where is your baby?" he asked quickly, his eyes unwavering, his tail held stiff behind him as he listened to her describe where she had last seen her child.

Having all the information he needed, Singe flashed her a quick smile and then sprinted off towards the house. The lieutenant of their fire company saw the blur of fur run by and tried to call him back, even though he knew there was no way Singe would ever listen. The wolf disappeared into the smoke now pouring out of the house, the fire mostly under control at that point.

But the fire had done its damage. A few minutes after Singe had entered, parts of the house began collapsing in on itself, no doubt trapping the brave hero inside.

It took almost an hour before the lieutenant declared it was safe enough to start searching through the wreckage. Though their thoughts were grim,



From fighting fires to thwarting crime to saving lives, these are the people who deal with the daily troubles of us all on a daily basis. The most visible of heroes, these men and women serve the needs of the community, whether sweeping through a smoke filled home to save a child, protecting the homes and businesses of their neighbors, or coming to the aid of a stranger in need. Rarely thought of until disaster strikes, these are the people who arrive bearing their strength, mercy, and knowledge to help us all.

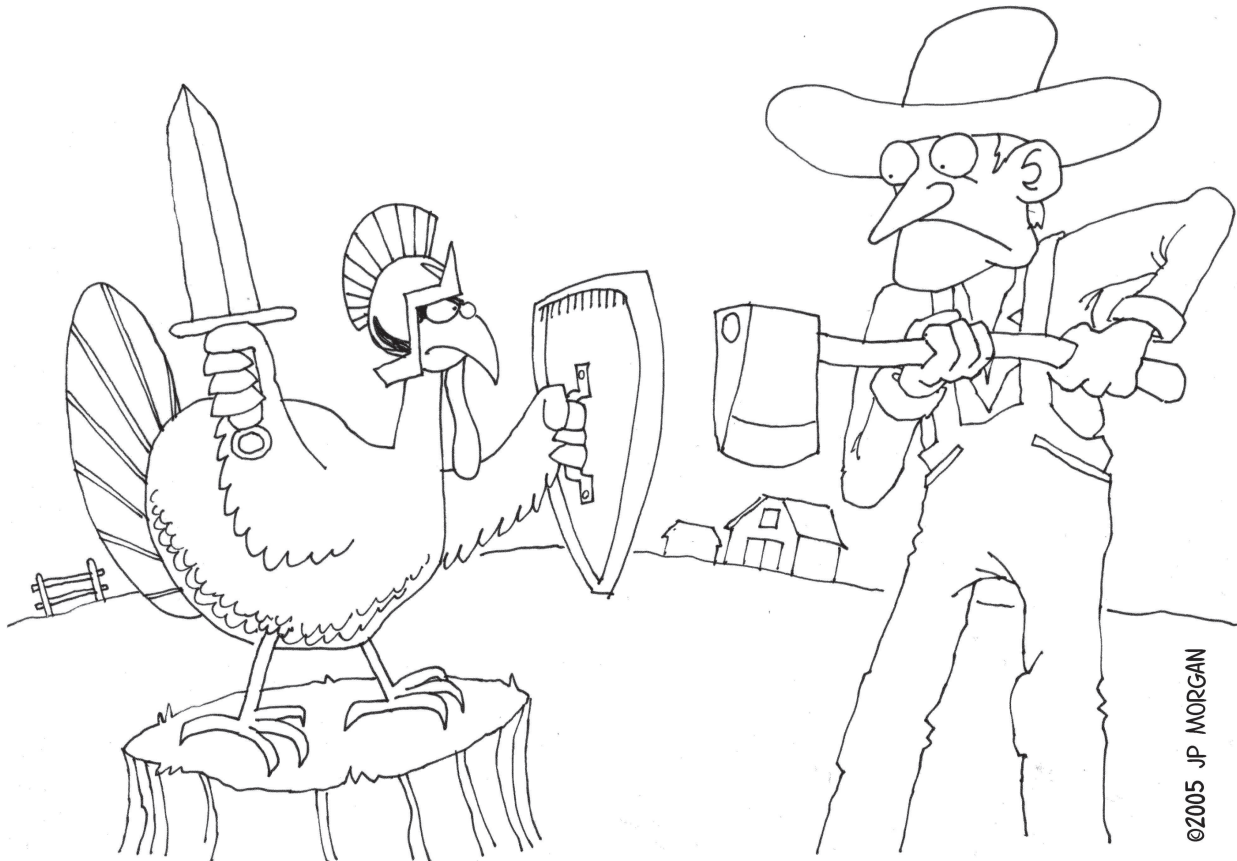
HEROES

everyone had a hope that Singe somehow survived. No one wanted to believe that he could ever be defeated like that.

After a while of searching, one of the firefighters finally called out. "Here he is! Medic!" Firefighters nearby rushed over and helped pull the remaining debris away as the paramedics rushed over. One of them knelt by Singe's prone body, checking for a pulse. Several heartbreaking moments later the medic removed his paw from Singe's neck, stood up, and simply shook his head.

Everyone nearby removed their helmets and silently offered their own prayers to their fallen comrade. But then, the firefighter who had found him suddenly noticed something else. A little tail was sticking out from beneath Singe, a lion's tail. They found huddled beneath the hero a little ball of fur, somehow still alive. After the building began falling apart, Singe must've realized he could not make it out. His oxygen mask had been strapped over the cub's muzzle to help filter out the smoke which had overcome the wolf, his body acting as a shield to protect the child from any more falling debris.

Later that week, the cub began showing strong signs of recovery. A hero's funeral was held for Singe and furs from all over came to mourn for him. Though he had passed on, his friends knew that his passing was not in vain and that Singe would not have wanted to go any other way.



Staff Bios

Matt Adey (Danruk)

Artists' Alley Staff

Every year Danruk is asked to write up a little con book bio and does his best to make the entry cute, short, to the point, and endearing to read, because well nobody really READS it anyway do they? Maybe a look at the couple of pictures and maybe steal the program directory inside. This year Anthrocon has a theme of "Heroes" and the closest Matt or Danruk has ever really come to being any sort of Hero is his kangaroo make-believe alter-ego character "Sanita'roo" Defender of all things Clean. Look for Danruk at the Con Store or Artist Alley, he's likely clutching a kangaroo plush full of past AC con badges.

Anthony J. Albert (Falbert)

Art Show Staff

Falbert - a.k.a "Kilty Kitty" is from northern Maine, and usually plays one of the natives from that area, a Maine Coon Cat.

Amber

Dealer's Room Staff

Amber "Emaeth" Hartman, an educator by trade and a cool chick by design, holds Anthrocon near and dear to her heart. A regular attendee since AC 1999, she's met many wonderful people, found some good friends, and even met the love of her life! A life-long animal lover, she's very excited to give something back to the fandom she loves so much.

Robert W. Armstrong (Chiaroscuro)

Registration Assistant Director

Likely to be spotted in his chef's outfit at Anthrocon, Mr. Armstrong cooks professionally at Foxwoods Resort & Casino in Connecticut. He reminds you that the plurals of "mongoose" are "mongooses" or "mongi," not "mongeese." 5 ACs and still not telling you his vixen alt.

Lara Balliet (DataHawk)

Dealers' Room Staff

Tara A. Bassette (Miss Cellaneous Mouse)

Art Show Staff

Tara's been a writer most of her life, including stories in Paw Prints, Ever-Changing Palace and Anthrocon conbook. She also tries her paw in other mediums. Mundanely she works in Human Resources, where she never lacks for new characters and situations with a wondrous variety of people.

Tony Bassette

Art Show Staff

Tony, furry fan from the days of "Captain Carrot and the Zoo Crew", discovered furry-cons 10+ years ago. For longer he has been encouraging and aiding others in developing their talents, running classes in problem solving, creativity and having fun. He also does storytelling, crafts, games and children's activities.

Chris Bauer (JenniSkunk)

Videogaming Staff

Chris has been programming and wasting time on games since the days of the Vic20, and now he's finally managed to convince someone to pay him for it. And sure, he can tell you what he's working on. But he'll have to kill you afterwards.

Eagle Beagle

Programming Staff

He started out in all this as just a beagle, but it just wasn't what he liked. Then started mascotting for my high school—an eagle—and grew a real liking to it, and had the idea for the combo. Recently joined the fursuiters' group with one of his title characters, and currently does tech support for a certain "way" of computers, for a living.

Michael Bellinger (Gadgets)

Dorsai Irregulars

No stranger to Security, Michael once did the same job for the Air Force before being inducted by the DI in 1999. (Difference? Now no nukes!). Introduced to Furry Fandom by Heather Bruton and Michele Light, he uses his job benny's as an airline employee to attend Cons worldwide with his sweetheart Dawn. Ask to see his latest tech toy!

Thomas A Brady (Duncan da Husky)

Artists' Alley Manager

This is the third year that Tom Brady, aka Duncan da Husky, is working in Anthrocon's Artist's Alley/Con Store. Later in the year, he can be found running the Registration department at Midwest FurFest and working in other organizational niches in furry fandom. He lives in Chicago with his husband, Takaza J. Wolf.

Dawn Braun (Pixie)

Dorsai Irregulars

Hi, I began getting involved in furry fandom some odd 12 years ago with my best-est friend Michele Light (whom you all know and love *giggle*) I earn my living in the Biotech world of Research and Development for the Toxicology department. I have a six year old son named Kyle and am crazy in Love with a DI member - Michael Bellinger. (^_^) That's my life!

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Nathan Brown (Arcane)***Dealers' Room Staff***

Arcane became a furry in high school and returned to the fandom in college. At his first AC he managed to meet his fiancé.

Capricia Bruns***Art Show Staff***

Capricia lives in Florida where she does tech support for a national telephone company. Her hobbies include the SCA, writing, drawing, MU*ing, and various arts and crafts. She is married to a fellow furry, Perry Bruns.

Luciano Ciccone (Cnipur)***Artists' Alley Staff***

Cnipur is going on his 3rd year as a staff member for Anthrocon. A friendly guy, and approachable, feel free to talk to him. Beware his fursuit. :D

Chris Clayton (Chris)***Dorsai Irregulars***

I've been going to science fiction conventions ever since I found out they existed, and a member of the Dorsai Irregulars for just a couple of years less than that. When I'm not at a con, I try to do engineering at Ford, parenting at home, and reading anywhere at all. I used to jump out of perfectly good airplanes.

John Cole (KP)***Board of Directors (Programming Director)***

Originally from Houston, TX, KP now resides in Orlando, FL. He is a fursuiter and a puppeteer on the Funday Pawpet Show. He has had experience with event programming for other conventions, and was adjunct programming staff for Anthrocon last year.

Brad Conn (Ronin Otter)***Programming Staff***

Part techno-geek, part teacher, part showman: this otter tends to be a mixed bag no matter which way you look at him. I love any chance to blend my talents together for a common purpose and I welcome the opportunity to contribute to a great con like AC.

Sam Conway (Grandpa Kage)***Operations Staff***

The chairman's respected father. Former US Army drill instructor masquerading as a quiet Southern gentleman. Knows Grandma Kage's secret identity.

Samuel C. Conway (Uncle Kage)***Board of Directors (Chairman)***

Dr. Samuel Conway is a chemist, a writer, a storyteller, and a few other things that are too boring to mention here. He is known in the fandom as "Uncle Kage," and can either be found on stage during his "Story Hour," or running around insanely in his role as Chairman of Anthrocon.

Wilma Conway (Grandma Kage)***Operations Staff***

The chairman's dear and sainted mother. Don't mess with her—she'll take you over her knee in a heartbeat.

Kevin Corcoran (SpotWeld)***Art Show Staff***

Most of the time Kevin is an aircraft engineer but he's been a fan of science fiction for pretty much all his life so a life in fandom wasn't a surprise. If that wasn't enough he's also the gaming director for New England's new furrycon FurFright.

Decker***Operations Manager***

"When my cats aren't happy, I'm not happy. Not because I care about their mood but because I know they're just sitting there thinking up ways to get even."—Percy Bysshe Shelley

Ryan DeWalt (Tet Solfire)***Charity/Masquerade Staff***

Those of you who know me, don't need this bio, the rest of you won't care, so I'll make it up. I am made entirely out of wood. Sometimes I put bananas in my ears and make fun of the salad bar at "Wendy's". Emperor of Virginia, and Unofficial Runner up for Pope. I may or may not precess around my axis when spun at high speeds. While I do show up on film, its only on Black and White. Part time Writer/Photographer, Full time software engineer/webhost. Void where prohibited. Keep out of Children.

Digit***Publications Staff***

Mostly harmless.

Karen L. Dolley***Dorsai Irregulars*****W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie/Darkwolfie)*****Publications Staff***

Wolfie DarkWolfie has been on the AC conbook staff for a few years. He is a published illustrator, artist, blues singer, and techno-geek. He's happily married to Tashabear. His love of cheese has remained quite steadfast.

Patrick Dowden (Mach Stormrunner)***Operations Manager***

Neither fire, nor more fire can keep this Cat from his post at Anthrocon at conops. He MUST be crazy.

James M. Eden (ShiroTora)***Art Show Staff***

James "ShiroTora" Eden does a bit of everything: he makes funny buttons, he turns people into critters with

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face paint and/or photo manipulation, he writes furotic stories that he records on CDs (available at cons or E-mail <james_m_eden@hotmail.com>) and he takes requests for all of the above.

J. Scotty Emerle (Windsinger)

Charity/Masquerade Staff

2005 has me drumming again after an 8 year hiatus! By day I'm still Art Director of Multimedia. By night, drumming for Industrial, Prog-Metal and Fusion/Funk Jazz.

Dale Farmer

Art Show Staff

Dale has been volunteering at SF cons in excess of twenty years. He also works on the National Folk Festival and several regional folk festivals. His day job is being a theatrical electrician and AV tech in the Boston area, and had former careers as a computer network administrator and Navy Hospital Corpsman.

Carol Gobeyn (Carol)

Dorsai Irregulars

In 1975 I attended my first convention. I have been a fan ever since. Even a recent move to Louisiana from the wilds of Upstate New York has not stopped my fannish activity. Along with my husband, Rene, we have raised four beautiful daughters, several of whom also are active fans and Dorsai.

Rene Gobeyn (Renegade D.I.)

Dorsai Irregulars

I've been active in S.F. fandom since 1975. I was inducted in the Dorsai in 1977 with my wife Carol, and haven't looked back since. A recent move to New Orleans and new job requirements forced me to step down from the presidency to the position of Contract Officer for the organization. Anthrocon is now my favorite convention.

Samantha Gobeyn (Bookie)

Dorsai Irregulars

Having grown up attending conventions, I was finally allowed to work with the DI. This will be my third year attending Anthrocon, but my first time officially working. You may have seen me last year taking "bets" on the elevators, earning my nickname Bookie.

W. Jason Grennell (Panzier)

Internet Room Staff

Certified EMT and Firefighter since 86, love problem solving and pets. Enjoy being outdoors, camping and long distance motorcycle rides solo or with friends. Joined FM back around late 93 after reading Puma's posting on what is to be a furry.

Marnie Gucciard (Marnie)

Dorsai Irregulars

Marnie is Treasurer for Capricon in Chicago, an active member of MidFan, and helping out with Windycon. Outside of running conventions she is also getting her Masters in Accountancy at night and trying to find time to get back to her stained glass work. If you're looking for a fourth for Euchre, see if she's off-duty!"

Mike Gucciard (Gooch)

Dorsai Irregulars

Mike is a Senior Technical Architect for SBC by day, IT Director for Phandemonium (the organization that runs Capricon in Chicago) by night. All computers seem to obey the "ten foot rule" around him. His first convention was Windycon (in Chicago), about ten years ago. If you tell him to "Go fly a kite!" he probably will. And if he does, you should watch, especially if it's nighttime.

Joanne Hall (Jo)

Dorsai Irregulars

I've been an sf fan for many years (since 1978), and in the last two decades have become very active in the running of artshows at cons, from small shows to Worldcon-sized ones. Everything from clerical jobs, to physical set-up, to auctions, to security (often with the Dorsai Irregulars); all duties that I've become very familiar with. I'm most likely to be found in the artshow, working, schmoozing, or most often both at the same time.

John Hall (Bear)

Dorsai Irregulars

John Hall, better known as "Bear," has been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1988. He is a Director of that organization, and is the publisher of their newsletter. He has been active in science fiction convention fandom since 1976. As an art auctioneer he has worked many conventions, including four World Science Fiction Conventions. His introduction to anthropomorphic fandom was at Anthrocon in 2002.

Brian Harris (Rigel)

Board of Directors (Charity Auction Director/Masquerade Director)

Brian Harris, originally from Rochester, NY, has been active in the anthropomorphic fandom community since 1992. He helped found Anthrocon in Albany, NY when he was a student at SUNY Albany and now resides in Leesburg, VA. He has run the Anthrocon Charity Auction for 8 years, the Masquerade for 7 years, and this will be his fifth year as DJ.

Amber Hartman (Emaeth)

Dealers' Room Staff

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Dan Hauschild (Takaza J. Wolf)**Newsletter Editor**

A mild mannered reporter for Anthrocon, there are things that you wouldn't find weird in someone like Dan. If you do find something weird, please let him know as he's looking for it. In the times that he isn't working on running Midwest FurFest (that's November 18th-20th, 2005, folks), Dan plays with numbers for a huge spinning globe of doom that will come down and crush the world.

Steve Hopps (Simba Lion)**A/V Staff**

Simba has been a part of the Furry Fandom for 10 years now. He's... What? Oh, fine. All of these people are cool: Banzai, Fritzie, Swiftpaw, Santyth, Gentiger, Darkwolf, Nashoba, Zeppy, TheWolf, Calaver, Pips, David, Foddz!, Horou, Datahawk, Wolfcrow, Darius, Wyldkeyttin, Banshee, Firewolf, Gen.Talon, #FurryGamers, Kargo, and Sebby.

Ken Huckle (Anthro Wolf)**Art Show Staff**

Anthro Wolf first discovered the furry community back in the late '90s and has been involved in and loving it ever since. He greatly enjoys volunteering and helping out conventions and does so regularly. His many interests include gaming (both tabletop and electronic), fursuiting, animation, drawing, music, and an assortment of other things.

Elizabeth Huffman (EVIL)**Dorsai Irregulars**

I've been involved in Fandom in varying degrees for 21 years. I have actively worked on conventions from Toronto to San Antonio, being on as many as 6 committees a year (I've gotten better...now it's only 3). I was inducted into the Dorsai Irregulars 13 years ago, quickly earning the moniker of Evil. As a member of this group, I travel all over offering our services as a trained FANISH team.

Jazzy**Dealer's Room Staff**

Another con, another session where in the Local Lazy Lounging Lop will throw down the gauntlet of Working Too Hard at helping your favourite enterprises make wonderful money. While normally dealing in the realms of food and nerdinosity, helping people buy cool stuff gives him a warm feel down in the sub-cochular area.

Stephen P. Johnson (Simtra Firefox)**Art Show Staff**

Simtra found furrydom in 1988 on an old Apple BBS and rediscovered it in 1993 when someone showed him a furry portfolio. He works as a programmer in Jacksonville, Florida and just bought a farm in the

Gainesville area. He has been going to Anthrocon since 1997.

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)**Board of Directors (Publications Director)**

Karl has been active in furry fandom since 1993. An Anthrocon attendee since its beginning in 1997, this is his second year as Publications Director. Karl resides in Leesburg, VA, where he spends his spare time exploring abandoned buildings and riding his recumbent bicycle. Life was meant to be awesome!

Kevin Kane (Leo)**Registration Assistant Director**

Leo has had a lifetime fascination with lions, which brought him to the furry fandom in 1995. He's been a regular at Anthrocon since 1999. In real life he is pursuing his doctorate in computer science, under the watchful eye of his ten ton mothership of a cat, Droolkitty. AYR.

Peter J Kappesser (PeterCat)**Board Of Directors (Art Show Director)**

Intrigued by the late-80s CBS series "Beauty and the Beast," PeterCat discovered SF conventions and began helping out at art shows. He runs the Furry InfoPage web site <<http://www.tigerden.com/infopage/>> and, using the professional name Peter Katt, has started a career as freelance voice talent <<http://peterkattvoice.com>>.

Kevin S Kelm (Triggur)**Board of Directors (A/V Director)**

This is not the biography you're looking for. (*handwave*)

Robert King**Dealer's Room Staff**

Married with two kids, yet active in the fandom for about 20 years, Robert started the Furry track at Duckon and founded Midwest FurFest. He currently runs the FVS at MFF and he still occasionally makes fursuits. Hopefully, all this will qualify him to work in the Dealers room.

Tina Klein-Lebbink (Tina)**Dorsai Irregulars**

I have been a member of the Dorsai Irregulars since 1994, and long time member of the Canadian art show group, "The team eh?" I have attended Conifur, a northwest furry con for the last couple of years and have had a blast (and sold my art work) and I am really looking forward to attending Anthrocon as I have heard many fabulous things about it. Furries rule O.K.

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Lincoln W Kliman (Jbadger)

Charity/Masquerade Staff

I am a 44 year old Software Engineer from Long Island, a graduate of SUNY Stony Brook in 1983, and have been involved in different fandoms since about that time. I started to notice anthropomorphics a short time later. I started buying things from catalogs such as from mail box books from the days when Ed use to go to SF cons here in the Northeast. I also joined the staff of a few local cons, first as a volunteer and then as staff, mostly doing grunt work, setup or logistics, and I have been on the board of a SF con in the past. Currently this year I am staff on 3 cons, I-Con where I answer e-mails for info@iconsf.org and assist in the anthropomorphics track, Anthrocon where I work for Rigel and MFF where I am assistant to Wildfox for the puppetry track. Hope to see you all at all of these great events.

Ian Layton (Rama)

Artists' Alley Staff

Attending his third AC, Rama has been known to give up large part of his convention time to help out friends on staff. This con is no exception as you'll see him helping poor Duncan in the artist alley. Currently residing in St Louis, MO, he holds a BS in Comp Sci and actually uses it for financial gain.

Erika Leigh (Rosengarten Anonymouse)

Charity/Masquerade Staff

Erika has been working with Anthrocon since 2000. She's a graphic artist from Long Island, New York and occasionally a silly puppy for children of all ages now down in Virginia. You can view her work at www.mynameis.org.

Paul Lester (Linnaeus)

Newsletter Staff

Linnaeus has been working on Newsletter staff for three years now and has been active in the fandom since 1999. When he isn't writing stories, he works in a shiny tall office building where he carries papers around and looks busy. He has only your best interest at heart and can be trusted implicitly. Now please hold still.

John Lindgren (Joatmon)

Art Show Staff

A large burly creature, the Joatmon has been seen in such places as medical institutions and conventions. It's easily identified due to its strange affinity for hats with metal pictures. Its appearance has frightened many a grown-up, but children don't seem to fear it.

Donna Long (Moonfall, D.I.)

Dorsai Irregulars

Volunteering seems to be an incurable disease, I've

never managed to just attend a con. There is always something that needs to be done. Being a Dorsai Irregular has only made it certain that the disease is for a lifetime.

Rick Luddy (Riismo)

Operations Staff

A perpetual student skilled in the art of moving without going anywhere. Be warned: Mentioning Free software in his presence will trigger an hour-long discussion, a shouting match, or some combination thereof.

Ellen M McMicking (Blade, D.I.)

Dorsai Irregulars

Blade dabbles in everything from short story writing, glass etching and filk composition to convention logistics, airframe construction and charity fundraising. According to her mother, her middle name is "Cheese." (Although she's thinking of changing it to "Chocolate". "Singlemalt" is also a good option.) When off-duty, Blade has a sense of fun which takes randomness to a high artform—the sky on her world is paisley; you have been warned.

David A. McConnell (Smrgol)

Art Show Staff

Smrgol "found furry" about seven years ago, and jumped in with both hooves. While the Kirin doesn't consider himself an artist, his work graced Suburban Jungle as filler strips on two occasions. Usually he can be found online in alt.lifestyle.furry or occasionally in IRC chats.

Phaedra Meyer (Wyldekyttin)

Board of Directors (Dealer's Room Director)

Miz Wyldekyttin has drowned her sorrows at having no real talent at art, writing, or costuming to settle for contributing to the fandom the one talent she does have, organization.

Karl F. Meyers (Carl Fox)

Art Show Staff

Karl has been involved with Anthrocon's Art Show since it began in 1997. He has worked with various conventions over the past fifteen years; his main focus at the moment is chairing Megaplex in Orlando. A storyteller and writer (when the muse cooperates), Karl resides in Doctor's Inlet, Florida.

Teresa C Minambres (Phoenix)

Dorsai Irregulars

Started fandom as a Trekker and grew from there to become a DI in 1982. Disguised as a mundane, I work for a great metropolitan transit system while I write hot, steamy romance novels in my spare time and dream of growing up to become a bullfighter and/or flamenco dancer.

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Tim Mithee (Jazz The Rabbit)
Dealers' Room Staff

Cynthia Moreno (Maewest)
Hospitality Suite Manager

Jason Murdock (creature)
Charity/Masquerade Staff

Douglas Muth (Giza)
Board Of Directors (Operations Director)

Giza is back for another year of working in Con Ops. A Software Engineer during the day, he can be found on FurryMUCK in the evenings, hanging out with other spottycats. He likes to lift weights, go bowling, and runs claws-and-paws.com. The reflection of his bald head can be seen from space.

George Nemeyer (Tigerwolf)
Board of Directors (Internet Room Director)

Though a 'furry' inside since a kid, the Internet revealed others in 1993. Tigerden was founded in 1994 in part to contribute something back to the fandom. Since then, we've provided Internet room setups for various furry cons, and web and muck hosting.

Mark Osier (Mark Osier, D.I.)
Dorsai Irregulars

Mark's introduction to fandom occurred in 1991, and he's been regularly attending all manner of conventions ever since. He was made a Dorsai Irregular in 2004. He is a voracious reader of online comics, including many of those whose artists regularly attend Anthrocon.

Peter Pau (Arcticwolf)
Art Show Staff

Back for his 9th consecutive year on staff, Arcticwolf (Peter) has been with us since the beginning (Albany Anthrocon 1997). Though he's officially Art Show staff, the eternally busy Arcticwolf can be encountered anywhere and everywhere during the convention, covering the proverbial bases whenever and wherever the need arises.

Matt Penna (Soba)
Art Show Staff

Hailing from Rochester, NY, Matt is a network administrator who grew up watching too many Disney, Warner Brothers, and MGM cartoons. He discovered furry fandom in 1995 thanks to a very friendly group of Sonic the Hedgehog fanatics. Armed with several foreign languages, he is considered gregarious.

Mike Pierce (Mranti)
Charity/Masquerade Staff
Part-time Fursuiter.

Phil Pollard (Bennie)
Board of Directors (Registration Director)

Bennie is the CTO of Diamond Visuals Inc, a performer in the Bucks County Symphony Orchestra, and admin of several furry related websites including macrophile.com. When not busily fulfilling his hobby of missing deadlines, he is responsible for convention registration. If you received your badge in a timely manner and it has the correct name on it, then it is likely that he is still responsible for registration. Otherwise, AYR.

Andrija Popovic (Andrian)
Art Show Staff

Andrian is a writer above all else. His first love has always been the written word and he feels honored every time he makes it into print. He's been published in "Yerf!," "Anthrolations" and on Wildviolet.com's premier issue.

Becca Price (becca)
Dorsai Irregulars

Becca has been working with the DI since their inception; she was part of the original crew in their debut at DisCon II in Washington DC in 1974

Patrick Reed (Furp)
Operations Staff

A slightly manic staffer who keeps on getting offers he simply can not refuse. Either that or he hasn't learned how to say "No" yet. Self proclaimed creator of "Damn". He should be committed for the amount of staffing he does and has become a creature of the night, right down to his blackened heart which pumps nt blood like you and I, but a vile black oily substance, like what you find burned in the bottom of the coffee pot.

Eric Long Rhonin, D.I.
Dorsai Irregulars

Dorsai Irregular and a resident of Phoenix (yes, it is a dry heat but when it's 110 it's just plain hot), I seem to have this habit of attending cons east of the Mississippi—about 80% of them over the last 8 years.

David L. Roach
Dorsai Irregulars

Polymath, computer engineer, and incorrigible punster. Do not incorrige.

Justin Robichaud (CajunFox)
Dealers' Room Staff

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J. Scott Rogers (Dr. Skorzy)

Art Show Staff

A molecular biomedical research scientist who also volunteers as an emergency service radio communicator for Central Massachusetts. He's an Assistant Editor for Sofawolf Press and has written some anthropomorphic fiction when Emmy, his Boa constrictor, isn't wrapped around his head; though it has been suggested it improves his writing a great deal.

Ray Rooney (Rune)

Video Room Staff

Tom Rothrock (Valrejn)

A/V Staff

Just a dragon with a large hoard of records, computer equipment, and vintage analog synthesizers. His many hobbies and interests include writing music, DJing, amateur radio, high performance computing, and auto racing.

Derek Sailor (ZenWolph)

Charity/Masquerade

Making it eight (right!) years in a row, and his second year as part of our industrious staff (we plan to work him much harder this year!), ZenWolph once again proves that it is possible to NOT be on internet for three days in a row! (Good job, Zen!) Attending more than twenty furry conventions since entering the fandom in 1997, he's been to Anthrocon more times than any other furry con. While there is dozens of wonderful things we could say about him, and five really bad ones, we'll instead just welcome ZenWolph back to Anthrocon!"

Will A. Sanborn

Art Show Staff

As a carbon-based life form, Will is efficient at converting oxygen to carbon-dioxide. He works as a hardware-design engineer, in the embedded-systems arena, and in his spare time occasionally writes works of creative fiction. His other interests include cross-country skiing, hiking, riding extreme roller-coasters and home video production.

Kris Schnee (Kris)

Publications Staff

Kris graduated from MIT in 2003 and is now at the Virginia School of Law. He wants to be a Famous Author, but hasn't earned it yet, and is also fooling with artificial intelligence and game design. He is active on the TSA-Talk mailing list.

Mark Shapiro (Galen)

Artists' Alley Staff

Galen has attended well over a dozen furry cons, and is returning for his fourth year on staff at AC - he must

be a glutton for punishment. Interests include role playing games (including Ironclaw), fursuiting, and other assorted furry goodness. He has ten more words to use. Now three. One.

Steve Simmons (Sgt. Steve)

Dorsai Irregulars

"Sgt Steve" Simmons has been an active fan for nearly 35 years and a member of the Dorsai Irregulars for nearly 25. In that time he's probably participated in every fannish activity there is except publish a fanzine and get onto the Langston chart. He doesn't plan to do either.

Stahi

Hospitality Suite Staff

Yeah, I'm back again. But instead of the grind of Registration I'll be laboring up at the luxurious SuperSponser Lounge. Bwaaaah! About me? Uhh, afraid there's not a whole lot to really say save for the basics. Age: 24. Gender: Male. Species: Panther (yes, that's a melanistic leopard, not some blasted Puma). Job: Well at the time of writing I'm a driver's helper delivering Tempur-Pedics to spots anywhere in PA, MD, DE, VA, and sometimes NJ. Wanna know more? Just ask!

David M Stein (David M. Stein, D.I.)

Dorsai Irregulars

David has been attending conventions since 1978 and isn't sure why. He's been married to the lovely and talented artist Diana Harlan Stein. He's the father of the lovely and talented Sabrina Fathom Stein. He knows how to drive a tank, juggle, SCUBA dive, make birds sleep and winner of the 11947 Nobel Prize for Cheese.

Jesse Stringer (Tango)

Masquerade/Operations Staff

They say it takes two to tango, and this husky-wolf mutt is no exception as he serves on staff for Giza and Rigel for the fifth year in a row. Multiple breeds, multiple talents: stage ninja, auction runner, cashier, and ops manager... and that's just for this con.

Joshua Strom (Jadedfox)

Videogaming Staff

With Kitana serving time on Monster Island for eating half of Tokyo, Jadedfox had to attend in her place. After a whirlwind tour of video game companies, the fox has now returned to performance. Now available in original extra crispy. First ten customers receive a free gift with purchase. Wow!

Joseph R. Stockman (Uncle Vlad)

Dealers' Room Staff

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Theome

Programming Staff

Theome is a 20 year old Ohioan raccoon who's been in the fandom for a long time but active for only the last two years. Finding the fandom when he was 13, AC2003 was his first convention ever, with this Anthrocon being his 3rd. He has strong interests in fursuiting, mascot performance, anime, Bemani, and psychology. He hopes you all have a great time this year.

Larry Timson (stormok)

Hospitality Suite Staff

Jessie Tracer (Electric Keet)

Publications/Videogaming Staff

Last time on "Silver Cyberghost Usachan," the secret double-identity of the popular musician Qiti was revealed to the world. Can this playful tigress really be the enigmatic glowing Torachan? What will this mean for her international tour, and will things ever be the same between her and Buni? Join us for our next episode: Megasonic Z-Light Torachan!!

Kristina Tracer (buni! =n.n=)

Programming/Videogaming Staff

On the next episode of "Silver Cyberghost Usachan," the Coyote's Blood Gang has turned their sights on poor Buni, destroying her job with MediData, her rocketcycle, and her beloved sister Arisu. Crushed by despair, will a mysterious benefactor and the offer from enigmatic ConnectCorp lift her spirit? Fight for your love of Torachan, Buni! Only you can build the future!

Mike Treggett (shadowwulf)

A/V Staff

Insert cool bio here.

Cheshire Treyden (Synthesis)

Videogaming Staff

Synthesis is one of many names for a person who has done many things, far too much to put into this little bit. Come up, say hello!

Rich Tucholka

Dorsai Irregulars

Rich Tucholka has been a SF Fan, Comic Publisher, and an Award Winning RPG Designer for over 35 years. CEO of Tri Tac Games, his books include the Morrow Project, Bureau 13, Fringeworthy and FTL:2448. He shares his home in Pontiac Michigan with 38,000 books, 2 cats, and a garden of mutant vegetables.

James J. Walton Jr.

Dorsai Irregulars

James became a Science Fiction fan very early when, at the age of 2, he watched the movie Invaders From

Mars. He discovered Science Fiction fandom several years later. James enjoys reading, attending conventions, computer gaming, and drinking good beer. Occasionally, when the mood strikes him, James publishes a fanzine.

Erin Washington (AlphaWolf)

A/V Staff

Keeper of the Pie, distributor of Mints, driver of the Hades Handbasket Express. Easily amused by small objects, especially those that beep. Attending Anthrocon for the 5th time... meep.

Jason Williams (Darkclaw)

Internet Room Staff

Now in his 6th year staffing Anthrocon, Darkclaw's muzzle shows signs of greying, his chew bone is tatty and his basket scruffy. Still, Darkclaw has been trailing across from the UK to American cons since 1998—and helping/hindering Tigerwolf since 2000.

John Williams (Wolf Lynx)

Art Show Staff

Been around for awhile, I like Sci-Fi, Anthropomorphics, Computers and much more. A little on the quiet side but a friendly chap I am. Don't be afraid to say hello or to ask for help.

Dave Wilson (T'Chall)

Operations Staff

T'Chall is a male, anthropomorphic fox. He's been around furry since '95 when he first showed up on FurryMUCK. All rumors about his fondness for shrinking potions are absolutely true.

Andrew Wolf (gizmo_nine)

Art Show Staff

Stumbling across the furry fandom in the '90s, he instantly fell in with the crowd. Formerly living in Maine, he is now living in Arkansas as a member of NARFA and hopes to one day become an accomplished artist.

Francine M Wolfe-Johnson (TygerMoon Foxx)

Art Show Staff

I'm an artist and writer living on a farm called FoxHeart Acres in north central Florida with my husband Simtra and a menagerie of pets, wildlife, and livestock. I attended my first Anthrocon in 1999 and have been involved in the anthropomorphic fandom since the mid 1980s.

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Anthrocon Standards of Conduct for 2005

The primary purpose of Anthrocon is to have fun. To ensure that the greatest number of people achieve this objective we have established certain rules of conduct. By them we seek only to ensure that the behavior of any one small group does not disturb the membership as a whole, nor does it detract from the relaxed and comfortable atmosphere of the convention. Anthrocon welcomes all parties with an interest in anthropomorphics; however, the convention's management reserves the right to deny or revoke the membership of any individual at any time for any reason. This action may be undertaken in the event that an individual's presence or behavior causes significant interference with convention operations or adversely affects the organization's relationship with its guests or with its venue. Anthrocon also reserves the right to amend these rules at any time without prior or posted notice. If you have any questions, please contact the convention operations staff, and they will assist you.

Anyone who accepts a membership badge agrees to indemnify and hold harmless Anthrocon, Inc. from any claim for personal injuries or other damages or equity arising out of any individual's activities at Anthrocon 2005, even if such injury or damage is caused by negligence by or on the part of Anthrocon, Inc.

General Rating of the Convention and Public Decorum

Anthrocon prides itself on presenting an atmosphere that is comfortable for anthropomorphics fans of all ages and from all walks of life, and Anthrocon members are expected to act accordingly. All convention areas are considered to be "PG" at all times, with the exception of events or exhibits that are specifically noted to be inappropriate for minors and access to which is monitored by Anthrocon Security staff.

Public displays of affection beyond what is appropriate for polite company are frowned upon. You will be asked to express your devotion to your significant other either in less conspicuous ways, or in private.

Shirts, pants/shorts, and footwear must be worn when in the lobby of the hotel and in any restaurant. Bathing suits in the lobby are not considered to be appropriate attire. Costumes (fursuits) are considered "appropriate attire" in all areas of the hotel except for the restaurants and the pool area, provided that the costumes are not unacceptably revealing. Costumes are not permitted in the restaurants or the

pool area due to concerns for the safety of the customer.

Attendees, when in public areas, may not wear clothing which is overtly revealing or inappropriate to the atmosphere of the convention. The latter includes fetish-related garb and accoutrements. Collars are acceptable and are worn by numerous attendees as a fashion statement, but leashes attached thereunto are not.

Attendance by Minors

Anthrocon strives to maintain an environment that is safe and enjoyable for all members of all ages; we cannot, however, take responsibility for the actions of individual members, neither will we assume responsibility for those who are the legal responsibility of someone else. A minor, defined as a person under the age of 18 years of age who has not been legally emancipated from his or her parents, must either be accompanied at all times by a parent or legal guardian, or present a signed and notarized statement (available on Anthrocon's web page or from the registration department) indicating parental permission to attend unescorted. Even with such permission, minors must not attempt to attend any events intended for mature audiences unless accompanied by a parent or legal guardian.

In the past, minors have attempted to enter the convention under false pretenses or by forging documentation. In these instances, Anthrocon has no choice but to remand the minor in question immediately to the custody of the local police.

Weapons Policy

To ensure the safety of all those attending the convention, Anthrocon maintains a very strict weapons policy. This policy is enforced at all times. Anyone who has questions about this policy should speak directly to the Chief of Security.

No weapons or any item that can be easily mistaken for one may be carried either openly or concealed at any time in convention space, *regardless of any concealed carry permits you may possess*. Padded swords, bokken and similar striking implements used to practice swordplay may not be used in any convention area. Weapon replicas may be worn as part of a costume only at the Masquerade and during convention-sponsored costuming events at the discretion of the Masquerade Director, and must be cased or otherwise secured when being transported to and from that event. If you have any questions as to the permissibility of a prop for your

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masquerade performance, please contact the Masquerade Director prior to the convention.

An exception will be made for folding pocket knives such as Swiss Army knives provided they contain no double-edged blades and no blade longer than four inches (which would make them illegal to carry in Pennsylvania). If at any time these items are held or used in such a way that would be construed as threatening, however, they will be considered weapons.

Posting of announcements, flyers, etc.

Anthrocon provides a message board in a public area where members may post messages, place announcements for get-togethers, etc. Since the message board is in a public area, please do not post anything that may reflect poorly on the convention as a whole. The staff reserves the right to remove any posted materials that are considered inappropriate.

Do *not* affix anything to the walls of the hotel or elevators. Hotel staff are authorized to remove any unauthorized postings on sight. Likewise, please do not affix any postings, or deface in any way, the directional signs placed by Anthrocon. These cost money and are easily damaged by tape being placed upon them.

Sales of Merchandise

The offering for sale of any merchandise at the convention may be undertaken only in the Dealers' room, in the Art Show and in Artists' Alley; in all cases the sale will be governed by the rules applicable to those areas. Please note that it is illegal by both hotel and local regulations to sell merchandise or services in any area of the hotel or grounds not so designated. Such activities constitute "illegal solicitation," and may result in the perpetrator being removed from hotel grounds.

Personal Conduct in Convention Areas and in Public Areas of the Hotel.

There is no smoking in any convention function space or in the hotel lobby. The hotel respectfully requests that those people who step outside to smoke kindly refrain from standing directly in front of any of the hotel's doors and entrances, as the smoke is simply carried inside.

Please remember that you are a guest of the hotel, and that there are other guests staying or dining at the hotel who are not members of the convention. It is only common courtesy to maintain a level of noise appropriate to the time and place. We expect everyone to cooperate fully with Anthrocon and with Hotel security personnel. If you are requested to quiet down or to cease engaging in a certain behavior, please do so immediately. "Disorderly conduct" may

result in revocation of your membership, and includes any and all fighting, any inappropriate horseplay, or any actions that directly or recklessly cause undue disturbance or disruption of any convention or hotel function.

A very small number of individuals who have engaged in disruptive behavior in the past have had their membership privileges revoked and are not permitted to attend the convention. We ask that our members respect such a decision, which is always made after careful consideration by the entire Board of Directors. Deliberate attempts to circumvent this restriction by facilitating the transportation, housing or attendance by an individual known to be unwelcome at the convention constitute "disorderly conduct" and will be addressed in the appropriate fashion.

No items of any kind, including paper airplanes, may be thrown or dropped from the hotel balconies.

No water pistols, silly string, or any other projectile-type toy may be used in any public area of the hotel.

No sleeping in the lobby, the hallways, the meeting rooms or the Zoo. Get a room, please!

Requests for room amenities such as towels and pillows beyond the number that is reasonable and customary for a single room will not be honored. Kindly bring such extra items from home if they are expected to be required.

Harassment

Anthrocon is dedicated to providing a safe and comfortable convention experience for everyone. Harrassment of any kind, including physical assault, battery, deliberate intimidation, stalking, or unwelcome physical attentions, will not be tolerated. If people tell you "no" or to leave them alone, your business with them is done. Leave them alone. Do not follow them or attempt to disrupt their convention experience in any way. If you continue to attempt to have contact with those people, you may be removed from the premises.

Anthrocon is not responsible for solving any interpersonal problems that may arise between individual members. In general, we can take no action to prevent a person from attending the convention unless that person has made a specific and credible threat toward the convention itself. If you feel that a threat exists against your person, we advise you to seek a restraining order against the individual in question and to present it to the chairman in advance of the convention; otherwise, we recommend simply avoiding that individual. If that individual stalks, harasses, or attempts to assault you at the convention itself, you may report that individual to a member of the security staff and the appropriate action will be taken. Conversely, any attempt to have an innocent

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person removed from the convention by falsely accusing him or her of threats will be itself treated as an act of harassment and will be dealt with appropriately. The responsibility for settling interpersonal disputes lies solely with the individuals involved, and Anthrocon will not tolerate being used as a leveraging point in such disputes.

Substance Abuse

The sale or other distribution of any illegal or controlled substances is not welcome at Anthrocon. Any individual found to be distributing such substances will be removed and reported directly to the local authorities. Bottled alcoholic beverages may legally be given as gifts (but not sold by unlicensed individuals in Pennsylvania). Anthrocon asks that such beverages be consumed in the privacy of a hotel room and not taken into any convention function or function space. **Please note an important caveat involving minors:** Anyone knowingly or unknowingly providing alcohol to anyone under the age of 21 (the legal drinking age in Pennsylvania) will be committing a felony and will be turned over to the authorities. It is the sole responsibility of persons serving alcohol in room parties to ensure that every person in attendance is over the age of 21, even if that person is not drinking alcohol. The Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board is extremely serious about this law and we ask our members to respect it.

Use of video or audio footage

Anthrocon members are welcome to record their memories of the convention for their own personal use. Additionally there is a chance that Anthrocon members may end up with their likeness in the Convention highlights video or similar media productions produced by Anthrocon. To account for this and to protect members from exploitation by unscrupulous parties, the following rules have been implemented.

For the purposes of this section the term "recording" is representative of any media capturing medium or devices, audio, visual or otherwise.

Anthrocon, Inc. (hereafter Anthrocon) retains the rights to all recordings of the convention. Individual members are allowed private use of any recording they have personally recorded at the convention. Public broadcast of a recording of any part of the convention is prohibited without written permission from Anthrocon. The sole exception to this rule involves still photos. Anthrocon permits (and encourages) members to share photographs of their convention experience on personal web pages. Video and audio recordings, however, may not be made available on the internet without written permission from Anthrocon.

- Members may not seek out or interview other

members for the creation of a publicly-available recording without written permission of Anthrocon.

- Members may not portray themselves as representative of or use the name of Anthrocon in any recording (both at the convention or elsewhere) without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members may not offer for broadcast or distribution any recording that includes the imagery of Anthrocon without written permission from Anthrocon.
- Members must agree that for any recording which includes the imagery of Anthrocon they assign ALL related rights, compensations and royalties from the usage of said recording to Anthrocon.
- Individual members agree to assign without compensation the use of their likeness(es) at Anthrocon for the use of promotional material such as the highlights videos.
- Any recording that is made by Anthrocon in a setting that offers a reasonable expectation of privacy (such as in a hotel-room or non-public party or area) will not be used without the member's written permission.
- Parties interested in making recordings for public interest should contact the Chairman for further information.
- Members are not permitted to film items displayed in the art show except with the explicit permission of, and under the direct supervision of, the Art Show Director. All cameras and other recording devices must be checked at the art show entrance. Anthrocon assumes no responsibility for checked items. Cell phones may not be used in the Art Show at any time. If you wish to make or receive a call, you must exit the room.

Payments to the Convention

Please note that Anthrocon is a 501(c)7 nonprofit organization. As such, donations to the organization are *not* deductible from individual U.S. Federal income taxes.

Anthrocon is pleased to accept personal checks. Checks that are presented against insufficient funds, however, must be charged a fee of \$30 (as of January 1, 2004) per check. Anthrocon also accepts a variety of credit cards as payment. We will attempt to resolve any dispute involving a credit card payment to Anthrocon in an amicable fashion. Chargebacks (denying payment to a credit card company for a specific charge) that are made for the sole purpose of avoiding payment, that are made without sufficient cause, or that are made without first attempting to resolve the dispute with Anthrocon may result in

HEROES

permanent revocation of membership privileges and possible legal action.

Members who have an outstanding balance due to Anthrocon must settle that balance before being permitted to attend the convention.

Anthrocon cannot involve itself in financial disputes between individual members, and cannot divulge information about an individual member to any party other than to banking officials or legal authorities.

Miscellaneous notes

The standards of conduct for Anthrocon will be strictly enforced by Anthrocon security volunteers who will be clearly identified as such on site. Please remember that your con badges are property of Anthrocon for the duration of the convention, and must be presented and/or surrendered to any Staff member requesting it. If you have any problem with any action taken by a Staff member you may take the matter up with the Chief of Security or Anthrocon's Chairman. We shall make every attempt to be fair and lenient in the case of infractions, but we cannot tolerate behavior which threatens the peace and well-being of our members.

Anthrocon accepts no liability for events or actions by individuals in the confines of private hotel rooms. Anyone intending to host a party is strongly suggested to check for Anthrocon badges on partygoers, and to deny entrance to any person who is not a member of the convention. Responsibility for incidents occurring in hotel guest rooms rests solely upon the individual in whose name the room is rented. Please note that if Anthrocon is provided with sufficient evidence to suggest that illegal activities, particularly those that may cause harm to another person or to the well-being of the convention as a whole, will be taking place in a hotel room, we have both a civic and a moral responsibility to report such information to the appropriate authorities.

Please be reminded that these rules involve, of course, "worst-case" scenarios and are put into place to ensure the safety and comfort of our members. We anticipate no difficulties, as our members as a whole are rational and responsible adults. Anthrocon is prepared to deal with any or all of the above scenarios in as rapid and efficient a manner as possible should they occur. We thank our members for their past cooperation and for their continued assistance in making this a safe and enjoyable experience for everyone. Have fun - just please remember to be courteous of those around you while doing so!

— Dr. Samuel Conway
Chairman, Anthrocon Inc.
ceo@anthrocon.org

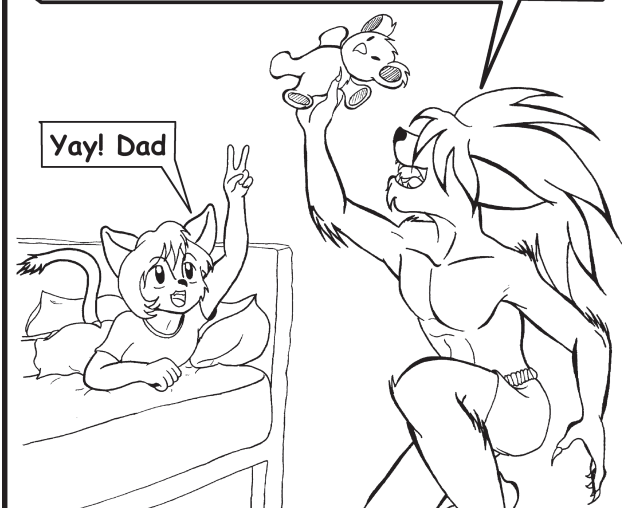
Foolish Beast, Nothing can Stand Before Me!



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ANTHROCON 2005

ANTHROCON '05



FRIDAY

FURSUIT FRIENDLY: 2130 - 2230; DJ RORY
RAVE: 2230 - 0200; TEKFOX, PARDUS, ZIM

SATURDAY

1980s: 2245 - 0000: DJ BUTTERSCOTCH
AC HOUSE PARTY: 0000 - 0200: DJ RIGEL

HEROES

UNITY



DIVERSITY



RESPECT



PEACE

Calm Water in the Midst of Turbulence

GLBT Furies,
Furry Christians,
GLBT Christians,
and our Allies...



8 http://www.livejournal.com/community/rainbow_ark

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HEROES

Dealer	Table #
Shawntae Howard	115A
Ursula Husted	69A
J3T	109A
JessK - Black Jaguar Arts	117B
Kaput Otter	61
Wolf Kidd	43A
Krahnos	77
Lady Foxglove	57A
Lancer Advanced	121B
Lazzy Dragon	104A
LHR Works	118A
Light Bright Studios	9
Lizardbeth	100B
Longtail & Triggs	68
Loopy	119A
Emilio Lopez "Solid Asp"	101B
Louie Furrywolfy	79-80
H. Kyoht Luterman	41B
LX Limited	96
Mab's Land	103B
Kacey Maltzman	114
Kenket	104B
Marc Leonhardt	18
M&T Comics & Cards	37
Marci McAdam	10
Steven Martin	25
Max Blackrabbit Productions	82A
Minotaur Comics	21-22
Mirage Studios (Peter Laird & Co.)	92-93
Phil Morrissey	69B
Aura Moser	67A
NorthFur FX & Mascots	78
Northwest Furry Trading Company, LTD.	29
Oakpaw Art Studios	89B
Plan Nine Publishing	64-65
Roy D Pounds II	94A
Puma Paw Graphics	44
Punchwire	88B
A Quiet Dark	72A
Rabbit Valley	59-60
Regal Pewter	62-63
Request Entertainment	26
Brian & Tracy Reynolds	95
Rhatagraphics Press	103A
Rog Minotaur	84
Rose G! Studio Industry	99
Stan Sakai	91
Sanguine Productions	48
Chris "Havoc" Sealy	101A
Terry Sender	88A
Jen "Spunky" Seng	100A
Silverfox Publications	42A
Shadow Wolf Graphics	112A
Shanda Fantasy Arts	53-54

Dealer	Table #
Akira Shima	17
Silver Sky Studio	89A
Sleeping Dragon South	70
SoapPuppy	87B
Sofawolf Press	30
Soro	107A
Stickdevil	109B
Studio Cute by Ponygirl	122A
Studio Maki Productions	16
Synnabar Graphics	67B
Tailchaser Sushi	55
Tentacle Friendly	119B
Tenth Planet Art	51
Thoughts & Images	97
Tiger Torre Art	73
Torrle's Stuff	43B
Turbine Divinity	118B
Two Rodents Printing Group	110-111
Unicorn on the Cob	113B
United Publications	71
Windwolf Studio	27-28
Wolf Park	87A
Wolfie's Pack Productions	112B
Wookiee	35A
Vicky Wyman	34
Joe Zdenek Books	3A

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ANTHROCON 2005

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lethal...

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SCOTT SHAW

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<http://www.anthrocon.org>



Fur, Fun and so much more

Some Closing Thoughts...

Well, it certainly has been an exciting year.

With the unexpected closing of the Adams Mark Hotel, we faced a significant setback. For a while, it even looked as though there wasn't going to *be* an Anthrocon 2005. However, rather than throw in the towel, we rose to the challenge and found the best alternative venue available to us.

Some of our long-time attendees may recall we've had to deal with obstacles like these before. During Anthrocon's early beginnings in 1997, we had to switch hotels a mere *three weeks* before the convention.

If there's a lesson to be learned here, it is to never give up, no matter how grim things look. With the help of our many dedicated staff members and volunteers, we can do anything.

This conbook would not have been possible without the help of many people, and I'd like to thank the talented artists and writers who have donated artwork and stories for publication. If we were unable to use your material, we sincerely apologize, and strongly encourage you to try again.

I would also like to thank our creative staff artists and writers who've spent countless hours working behind the scenes, helping me keep my sanity (what little I have left) while putting the conbook together:

- **W. Michael Dooley (Wolfie DarkWolfie)** – our Staff Artist, who provided themed artwork and assorted text blurbs for the conbook,
- **Digit and Kris Schnee** – our Editors, who helped select, proofread, and edit writing submissions,
- **Jessie Tracer** – our Graphic Designer, who created our map of nearby food and service providers, the hotel map, Pocket Program, and Programming Guide.

The feedback of our membership has always been important to us, and as Anthrocon and the fandom continue to grow in the future, we will strive to continually improve. Please let us know what you liked—or what you didn't.

On behalf of the Anthrocon 2005 publishing staff, I hope you've had an enjoyable and memorable weekend. I think most will agree this is an exciting time for the fandom. We look forward to facing whatever new challenges lie ahead, and making history together next year in Pittsburgh!

Karl Jorgensen (Xydexx Squeakypony)
Publications Director, Anthrocon Press Services



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